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ENGLISH SNOBBERY.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE ON RECONSTRUCTION.

LETTER FROM COL. R. J. HINTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct. 10th, 1868.

SECRETARY SEWARD, recently satirized in a mild way the English tourists who come to the United States, "do" the country in about two months and then leave for home, declaring that they know all about us, understand our institutions and especially comprehend our defects and dangers. The Secretary wondered that some of these intelligent travellers did not tell him they understood all about the blacksmith business after watching its operations for a few weeks. None of them had ever hesitated, he declared, to tell him that they understood America.

Our latest example of this John Bullish self-sufficiency is given by Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who however has had more than two months experience, having twice before visited us. Recently it may be remembered he came here, as an agent of the English Post-Office, to cajole us into abrogating or modifying, in the interests of the Cunard Steamship Co., a Postal Convention, which had not resulted as favorably for that monopoly as was anticipated. While here (it was during the impeachment trial) he made himself conspicious by discourtesy to our radicals, and loud sympathy, like all the Tories of the British Embassy, with Mr. Johnson. Mr. Trollope's personal habits while here were of the worst kind, and he was the unconscious butt of the reporter's gallery, from the fact that he slept through the impeachment proceedings, (on which he was a regular attendant in the diplomatic gallery) whenever any argument or proceeding on the side of the prosecution was going on, and the attention he paid to the arguments, etc, for the defence.

While here Trollope consorted only with the friends of the President's policy. The Americans with whom he was most frequently seen were such persons as the correspondent of the *London Standard*—an ex-rebel Colonel and, I believe, at one time an under secretary of State in the Confederate Administration. Every source of information he consulted was bitterly partizan—on the Presidents, and on the rebel's side. The result is seen in the article on Reconstruction recently published by him in the *St. Paul's Magazine*, and, copied extensively by the Democratic party. It is exceedingly unfair, though in many respects adroitly put, and at the very beginning a just criticism is claimed because the writer professed to sympathize with the North during the war.

Mr. Trollope asserts that "The question, in a few words, is this; can a community of white men be made to live in subjection to a community of negroes, the numbers being, let us say, equal?" This attempt the English author asserts is being made, and he then seeks to prove his assertions. In doing this he only follows the usual habits of all whose standpoint is that of privilege and caste and not that of right and equity—simply reversing the truth. They build a pyramid, and then attempt to set it on its apex. The real question in Reconstruction is not as to whether a negro domination shall be established, but whether we shall permit the rehabilitation of the old system of mere white supremacy, overthrown by the war.

Utterly ignoring all facts which compelled even the most prejudiced and slowest of Republican Congressmen to vote for the Reconstruction measures—all the attempts made under the policy of Mr. Johnson to virtually re-enslave the freedmen and make them the slaves of society by oppressive laws bearing most unequally on their condition and personal rights—Mr. Trollope seeks to show that the efforts of the conquering party have been to degrade and oppress the conquered. He first parades a table giving the registered voters, white and black, in the ten States to which the Reconstruction acts applied. By this table, containing a comparison with the census of 1860, he makes out an aggregate of

White male adults in 1860	968,606,
And of white voters in 1867	630,299,
A decrease of	338,307,
Colored men in 1860,	710,572,
" Voters 1867,	671,106.
A decrease of	33.466.
And a surplus according to this showing of	140,807.

Colored voters above the registered whites.

The inaccuracy of Trollope's table can be seen when it is noticed that he bases his calculations for 1860, on the adult male population, and that of 1867, on the registered voters, and that too on the first registration, before a revision of the lists was made. Mr. Trollope could easily have known, (if he did not wilfully suppress the fact) that a large body of the white male adults refused to register. Judge Paschall of Texas has shown that on the entire registration, the registered white voters outnumber the colored voters by nearly 20,000.

It is not believed by the best informed persons that more than 50,000 whites were excluded from the franchise by the terms of the Reconstruction acts. In every State large numbers of the whites refused to register, in this way seeking to show their opposition to the Congressional policy. In Alabama it is well understood that nearly 40,000 persons thus refrained from registration. Perhaps a third of these got their names on the revised lists. In Virginia at least 25,000 persons thus disfranchised themselves. In the ten States the number of white persons who refrained from registration could not be less than 200,000. Probably 50,000 more colored voters should properly be added. That would still give the whites a majority of nearly 120,000, without counting those disfranchised by the Reconstruction acts, who even if not voting, still exercised a controlling influence on the public minds of their section.

But I did not intend to analyze Mr. Trollope's premises so much as to point out obvious errors and indicate his leanings. He proceeds to declare, basing his assertion upon the fact, that we do not give the negro the right of suffrage in the North—that the whole object of our reconstruction legislation has been to insure the election of Republicans from the South. He ignores the fact that it was not only the right but the duty of the victorious people in their policy of restoration to prevent the Southern State Governments falling into the hands of their defeated enemies. He acknowledges that if the old basis had been adopted such would have been the result. The prevention of this he declares a grievance, not in words, it is true, but by inference. Trollope utterly ignores the question of right found in the matter. Of course as an Englishman sustaining the idea that political rights are only privileges to be granted or taken away as governing classes may deem best, and not recognizing at all that the franchise is as indefeasable a right as that of bearing arms. Mr. Trollope could not be expected to see that the people of a Republican State includes black as well as white men, and that under the majority rule, the most numerous, if banded by color together, would rule.

Mr. Trollope proceeds with his argument or rather fallacies, sophistically presented, in the place thereof. He undertakes to prove that the colored men outnumbered the whites in the Conventions elected under the Reconstruction acts. With eminent unfairness, he takes as an example one of the only two out of ten of these bodies where the newly-made voters held a majority of the seats. He then seeks to show that they were without stake in the community because the majority of them paid no direct taxes. His illustration is taken from South Carolina; like Mississippi, a State where the colored men have been the worst peeled and ground and are the poorest. He had equal opportunity of taking Louisiana and Alabama where these representatives were in several instances men of wealth and nearly all of more than fair attainments.

Mr. Trollope's facts, so-called, are confessedly taken from a rebel source—an appeal presented to Congress by notorious South Carolinian rebels. Another remonstrance from which he quotes comes from Louisiana. In no case does he seem to have consulted any authorities but those most bitterly opposed to Reconstruction.

But he has a long attempt to prove how unjustly the system of free schools provided under the new Constitutions will work. He cites Louisiana as a proof that the taxation must all be borne by the white men, seemingly altogether ignorant of the well known fact that in that State there is a larger and wealthier class of colored Creoles, who have always paid a large proportion of the State taxation—helping in days gone by to support the white man's schools, in addition to giving their own children private tuition. Trollope misrepresents. He shows that he has never read one of the new Southern Constitutions through. He argues as if those instruments provided in direct terms (as I think they should have done) that there should be no distinction in color, but that all must go to the same schools or stay away. There is not a Constitution in the South that so states. What they do is to require that the opportunities for education afforded by the State shall be equal and open to all, leaving the legislatures to decide the question of separate schools for the two races—a grievous enough judgment. Mr. Trollope gives a piece of news which will interest some of us. He declares that even "In Boston the white children are not educated with the black."

He proceeds in the next paragraph to declare that in these Constitutions provisions are inserted requiring that persons who aided the rebellion shall be relieved of political disability only by taking and publishing an acknowledgment of their guilt and their acceptance of the "Civil and political equality of all men." This declaration is required in Louisiana, but Mr. Trollope purposely writes his reference to it so blindly as to make it apply to all.

The rest of the article is devoted to deprecation of the negro, and to showing how impossible it is for the white people of the South to even tolerate on the soil as a freedman, let alone as a political equal, the race with whom for a century they have consorted in sexual and all other intimacies. Trollope's bias is seen in one sentence—"Marriage with him or with her (the negro) would contaminate the white woman or white man." Was the white man contaminated, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, who used the colored woman as his concubine, and whose continued intercourse has really improved the race, or perhaps both, according to Mr. Trollope's own showing in the West Indies at least; Mr. Trollope's argument proves too much. It is only the marriage that contaminates, not the intercourse. He, like others of his class, objects, in the relations with the negro, only to virtue and honor. Search this Anglo-Saxon race where you will in its dealings with what they assert to be inferior races, and they are always bullies and blackguards.

In one of Anthony Trollope's books—"The West Indies and the Spanish Main"—I find a chapter devoted to a discussion, often flippant in tone and style, of the position of the *colored*—not negro—people of the British West Indies. Before quoting a few sentences from that volume, let me give another sentence from the more recent publication. He says: "With all the chances that have been given him, the negro has as yet done nothing for himself. He becomes neither rich, nor wise, nor powerful, nor eloquent." On page 77 of the volume referred to, Trollope says, "If the colored people in the West Indies can overtop contempt, it is because they are acquiring education, civilization, and power."

"My theory—for I acknowledge to a theory—is this: that Providence has sent white men and black men to these regions in order that from them may spring a race fitted by intellect for civilization; and fitted also by physical organization for tropical labor."

Further on Trollope declares that these races, "Will amalgamate if brought together, all history teaches us. The Anglo-Saxon and the negro have done so." In another page he declares that "There is no doubt that they are fit—these colored people—to undertake the higher as well as the lower paths of human labor. Indeed, they do undertake them, and thrive well in them now, much to the disgust of the so-esteemed ascendant class."

Now the question for Trollope to answer, is as to the manner in which the superior admixture (for the American tropical and anti-tropical regions) is to be made. He thinks that marriage, the only moral method in which sexual relations should occur, of a negro with a white contaminates the latter, yet he affirms a mixed blood is superior to both for some localities and circumstances. Does he advocate concubinage then? An affirmative answer, by which alone he can escape from one horn of his dilemma, will be rather bad for the delineator of the "eminently respectable" classes of English society. If he does so answer, the contamination of race cannot be avoided, while he adds the advocacy of vice of the most heinous stripe to his own charge.

Poor Trollope! he cannot imagine that men have any rights but what he and his class choose to give in their beneficence or from their necessity. I have only one word to add, and that is that England, as represented by Anthony Trollope, never dealt with rebels as we do—simply disfranchise them or disqualify them from holding office. Oh, no! they blew the poor devils from the muzzle of their guns, as in the case of the Sepoys, shot them by drum-head court-martial as in the case of Gordon, or, if a woman, contented themselves by whipping her with bunches of copper wire. Such Englishmen as Trollope hasten to apotheosize executioners who disgrace the English name, by subscribing to Eyre testimonials.

R. J. HINTON.

THE SOUTH.

ARKANSAS.

TERRIBLE CONDITION OF THINGS AT BATESVILLE.

THE MURDER OF CAPT. MASON—REVENGE BY MAJOR MONKS AND HIS MEN—THE REBELS RAMPANT—THE WHOLE COUNTRY IN A FERMENT—UNION MEN FIRM.

BATESVILLE, Ark., Sept. 28th, 1868.

Editors Missouri Democrat:

SINCE the close of the war, no such excitement has existed in this town or surrounding country as at present. On the 19th instant Capt. Jim Mason, a well-known Union man and resident of Fulton County, while passing from one precinct to another to register it (being President of the Board) was shot from the brush by some rebels, two balls entering his right side, causing instant death. As he was widely known, and an acknowledged leader of the Union men of the whole upper portion of this State, his death caused an immense excitement among them.

A couple of hundred armed and mounted men gathered from the mountains to bury his remains and avenge his death by killing a half score or more of the leading rebels. Col. Logan H. Roots, the Republican candidate for Congress, aided by Gen. Martin Beem of Montana, had an appointment to speak in that vicinity at the time, and through their efforts and counsel, obedience to the law was secured for a time; but as the news spread to Missouri, Major Monks with some followers, came down, and in a short time arrested two men that suspicion rested upon, named Bryant and Bush, and after giving them a trial by drum-head court martial, they were found guilty and adjudged to be shot at ten o'clock this morning.

This news spread almost as rapidly as Capt. Mason's death, no doubt accumulating as it went, and to-day the air is filled with war and rumors of war. A brother of Bush's brought the news to this place, and last night the Lieutenant commanding the detachment of the 20th Infantry here, accompanied by Capt. James W. Siler, editor of the Batesville *Republican*, returned with him to urge compliance with civil law—the former acting personally, and not officially. They would have a ride of sixty miles or more to make in twelve hours.

The whole country in and about here is terribly convulsed. The Union men, though considerably in the minority, are so much exasperated, that it is with difficulty that they can be restrained. Capt. Mason was their darling leader—a brave, faithful, energetic Georgian, (by birth) who had shared alike the hardships and privations of the Union men of Northern Arkansas, and while they inwardly desire and pray for peace, they are equally as desirous that justice should be swiftly meted out to its violators.

This state of affairs every law and order sustaining man deeply regrets, of course, but the Union men can scarcely be blamed for this whirlwind of excitement, the seed of which has been sown by the unrepentant and defiant rebels of this State, ever since the close of the war. Over 350 homicides of Union men have occurred since, and not one capital punishment. Is this to exist always? Is there no redress for these manifold wrongs, nor any relief for the manifold miseries of these men, whose sole crime is an unswerving fealty to the Union? At no time have rebels been so contumacious and defiant as now. They gloated over the death of Mason, just as they did over the assassination of Dr. Johnson and the attempted murder of Senators Wheeler and Barker. To-day, when they see the volcano which has been quietly slumbering for three years is about ready to burst upon them in all its fury, they suddenly reveal an affection for law and clamor for peace. This is what we all want; wanted it all the time; but after they have provoked this, can they wonder now that the Union men have been exasperated beyond reason? Within a week past we have seen the dead body of Captain Mason; a bullet fired through the coat of another Union man; another who had six shots fired at him from the brush; and still another who had received a written notice, signed by eight rebels, to leave the country, because he had served in the federal army! The Ku-Klux-Klan visited some negroes in the adjoining county—Izard—and told them they were the ghosts of the dead at Shiloh, sent to warn them, if they voted the Radical ticket their breath would be taken from them! They publicly boast that if Seymour and Blair are elected, no Union man can live in the State, and every one of the latter will have to leave. The rebel leaders foster and encourage all this, and the ghost of the Lost Cause haunts the country and causes as much misery and disaster as was ever occasioned during the war. The only antidote for this is the election of Gen. Grant. The prayers of tens of thousands of Union-loving citizens nightly ascend above for the dawn of this millennium that will bring to this distracted country again the happiness, progress and development attending the peace that reigned before that crawling serpent, secession, sought to strangle us in our national cradle.

BEN. E FICIAL.

REIGN OF TERROR IN ARKANSAS.

From the Memphis Bulletin, October 7th.

IT is impossible to disguise the fact that the rebels of Arkansas mean fight. Day by day they are butchering the Union men in detail, shooting them frequently on sight, like so many mad dogs. The Union men are in the majority, and are fully competent to put down this bloody work, but every attempt looking toward its suppression is characterized at once by every Democratic paper in the country as "a declaration of war," "villainous oppression," "bloody intentions of the scalawags and carpet-baggers," etc. In many counties it is not safe for a registering officer to make his appearance at all. Of course the murderous Democrats are "cutting off the nose to spite the face;" for if they do not allow the registration of the Union men, they cannot expect to be registered themselves. If they can stand it, the Union men can.

Such a reign of terror has been inaugurated along the ordinary routes of travel, that unarmed Union men are compelled to take the swamp, in the style of 1861-2, and flank the residences of rebels by night. Even the authority of the loyal State Government is not sufficient to open the rivers. Arms belonging to the State are now lying here, as effectually quarantined as they could have been by the blockade of the river in 1861. No boat dares touch them. The pilots would be liable to be shot at the wheel; the boat would be liable to be grounded, sunk, burned, anything so as to keep the Unionists disarmed. The Democrats are armed and drilled; but the Union men foolishly trusted to their honor and acted as though the Democrats were sure to abide by their parole.

KU-KLUX.

LOYAL STEAMBOATMEN ASSASSINATED—PLANS OF THE PROWLERS—INTERRUPTION OF REGISTRATION.

[Special Dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., October 10th.—Marcus Houston was assassinated by the Ku-Klux while on watch on the steamer Hesper, lying at Little Rock wharf, Thursday night last. Houston was a brother of Capt. Sam. Houston, whom the rebels imprisoned a long time for his loyalty to the United States. He was generally known as one of the Houston brothers, the only loyal steamboat men on the Arkansas river. The Ku-Klux are bolder all the time. They have already selected the men they are going to assassinate, and detailed their men to do the work. Their leaders and plans are known. In Lafayette County they are drilling nearly every night. In Jackson County they prowl around the country nearly every night, one hundred and fifty strong, for the purpose of disarming Union men.

Registration has already been broken up in several counties by the Ku-Klux.

ANOTHER WAR IMMINENT?

"*The Raleigh* (N. C.) *Standard* of October 12th, says:

"The Governor of the State has proof—Gen. Miles has proof that the Democrats are arming. If these arms are not designed to be used, why are they brought in and deposited at various places? If they are to be used for hunting purposes only, why are they not single shooting rifles and double-barreled shot guns? But they *are repeating rifles—they are rifles that can be discharged seventeen times without reloading!* Are such weapons intended to shoot game? No, fellow-citizens, they are intended to shoot *men*—and it may be women and children.

"It is known also that the Democrats have secret organizations bound together by horrible oaths, and that one of these organizations is devoted to assassination and murder. It is also *known* that in the event of the election of Grant and Colfax, it is the purpose of the leaders of this organization to cause certain leading Republicans to *disappear!*—that is the word, and the meaning is assassination! We are posted in these matters, and speak what we do know.

"It is further known that the members of this secret organization are sworn to swear falsely in every case in which one of their own number may be involved. They do this on the assumption that the existing State Government is null and void, and has no claim on their allegiance, and, therefore, no claim on their conscience. It is, therefore, difficult to trace these sworn assassins, or to convict them in courts of justice.

"We repeat, *these arms are intended to shed blood!* We cannot tell how or in what way the rebel leaders will begin to use them, but we know they are here, and ready for use."

MURDERS AT LOWNDESVILLE, S. C.

REPUBLICANS SHOT AND BURNED.

Mr. John J. Knox, Sub-Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau at Athens, Ga., communicates the following from a private letter dated at Lowndesville, S. C., Oct 2d:

"On Monday night, the most horrible, cold-blooded murder was committed within half a mile of this place, that I ever heard of. Mr. Peleg Cornell, and a colored man who was with him, by the name of John, from Jefferson, Ga., were murdered by parties unknown to any one here. *It appears that they were followed here*, as a stranger was seen in our village, while Mr. C. was in our store, and at night seven men were seen by a young man who came after a doctor at night, but who they were he does not know. At night, between 12 and 1 o'clock, twenty-five or thirty shots were heard by several, but no attention was paid to them, as shooting here has become a common thing at night. On Tuesday morning Mr. Bell, who lives near where Mr. Cornell camped, on going to his shop saw his wagon but no mules; he thought they had gone to water at a branch close by. About 10 o'clock he went to a wagon and saw under it a pair of boots and a coat. He came to the store and told me. I went and found Mr. Cornell's wagon, and reported the circumstances to Esquire Giles, who summoned a crowd and went in search. As some were going along the road by a pine thicket, they discovered horses' and men's tracks. They went into the thicket, and found Mr. C.'s body. He had been stabbed in the left breast, over the heart, with a knife, a pistol shot in his head, his brains running out, and his hands tied together. I turned to leave this sad and sickening scene and had gone some seventy yards and found the negro man dead and his clothes burned off. On examination eight shots were fired through his head, two in his arm, and four in his back. Whether his clothes were set on fire or caught from the discharge of the pistols, the jury could not tell. Mr. Cornell was an enterprising, energetic, industrious young man, from the State of New York. He was a firm Union man, an active supporter of the reconstruction measures of this State, and the leading Republican of Jackson County."

"NO QUARTER."

The Nashville Banner (Rebel) says:

"We advocate no quarter with white Radicals, who are the most dangerous and treacherous enemies that ever cursed a community. No effectual remedy can be applied to them but social ostracism. The only way to deal with reptiles such as they are, is by universal and unceasing proscription. This is our remedy for the removal of the political pestilence which has infested this community for three long weary years, and which will infest it for an eternity, if we do not apply a remedy at once decisive, practical, effective and without delay."

"BAD NIGGERS."

THE *Independent Monitor* of Tuscaloosa, Ala., makes this announcement under the head of "Bad Niggers:"

"Five notoriously bad negroes were found swinging by the necks to limbs in the woods of Colbert County a few days since. They had been guilty of *making threats* against the whites."

The blacks are to be lung as "bad niggers" for making "threats against whites," and the white Unionists are to be hung for refusing to vote for Seymour and Blair and rebocracy. This hanging business was resorted to before the war for the purpose of coercing Union men into the secession. It is now being practiced for the purpose of forcing Union men to support the rebel candidates for President, who are pledged to destroy the Southern State governments, and trample the reconstruction laws into the dust.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

CALL FOR A NATIONAL CONVENTION.

TO THE COLORED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRETHERN: On the 4th and 5th of August, 1868, a Convention of Delegates from the "Border States" was held at Baltimore, Md. To that Convention, Delegates from other States were invited and attended. The States thus represented were Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

After mature deliberation and wide correspondence, the members of the "Border State Convention" voted unanimously to issue a call for a Convention of the colored men of the Nation, to be held in the City of Washington, D. C., at 12 o'clock M., on the second Wednesday, 13th day of January, 1869.

The partial or total exclusion of colored citizens from the exercise of the elective franchise and other citizen rights, in so many States of the Union, especially demands, and ought to receive, the continued consideration of every colored man, and of the Congress of the Nation. Surely, the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States' Constitution, recently adopted, does not justify such exclusion. Surely, citizenship, as declared by that Amendment, carries with it the rights of citizens; and the evident duty of a liberty-loving and a loyal Congress is to see that a Republican form of government is guaranteed to every State. That is not guaranteed while any State is permitted to withhold from citizens, on account of color merely, the rights of citizens.

Whatever other subjects you may deem of sufficient importance to bring before the National Convention, brethern, this exclusion is the all-absorbing question of the present, and must call forth our earnest action, by petition, by personal appeal, by protest, and by what votes we have, until justice be done. The right secured of voting, irrespective of color, will necessarily restore to us other rights of which we are now deprived. We, therefore, cordially and respectfully invite you, from the East, the West, the North and the South, to meet in Washington, by Delegates, on the day specified, to consult upon the issues at present affecting us. Justice to ourselves can be no injustice to any.

By order of the "Border State Convention."

WM. NESBIT, President, ALTOONA, Pa.

JAMES H. A. JOHNSON,
GEO. G. COLLINS,
PRINCETON, N. J. } Secretaries.

BALTIMORE, Md., October 1868.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

HON. WARREN CHASE, the New York Editor of *The Banner of Light* writes of the present condition of Indian affairs as follows:

"Our nation still continues to stain and mar its brilliant history with its utterly unjustifiable and cruel persecutions and murders of the Indians. Almost every week the hungry maw of barbarian cruelty is fed with the murder of some few of the remaining owners and original occupants of this country, from whom we have stolen or fraudulently obtained our titles to the land, the water and the game, and now seek the lives of the few poor begging remnants of the once powerful tribes.

"It is a part of the American character to trample on the weak and downcast, and ridicule and abuse the unfortunate and unsuccessful; and this treatment of the Indians is a marked national illustration. It is as if a full-grown man, with all the strength and power of manhood, should attack, abuse and murder a young child, and justify himself by saying the child threw stones or stole his apples, while his greater object really was to get rid of the child and use its clothes and toys.

"A nation as large and strong as ours should be deterred by shame, if by nothing else, from pursuing with its armies and murdering with its guns the poor, half-starved remnants of the race which is by natural law fast departing forever from the continent it once owned and held, and to all of which it still has God's title—the boast of Christians to the contrary, notwithstanding. It would be far cheaper, as well as better, to feed and clothe them and let them run where they please, which would leave a bright spot instead of a black one on our history. But we have inherited too much of the cruelty of our Christian ancestors, which justified the worse than savage barbarisms of South America and Mexico, and touched, also, like an early frost, the hearts of our Puritan sires.

"We had hoped, from efforts made recently, that a better policy would prevail with our government and wiser councils be carried out, but we see, by reports, that the same murderous and merciless policy is still adhered to, and the stealing of a mule justifies a murder of one or more Indians, and the slightest retaliation on their part, when they have no law or any means of obtaining justice, is taken as an excuse for sending troops to destroy all they can reach of persons and property of the poor creatures, and leave the women and children to starve in the cold and desolate approaching winter.

"We have not said much, but have *felt* much on this subject; but it seems to be time that every writer and speaker that has a heart and soul, and belongs to this country, should enter a protest against the further persecution of this *sacred* remnant of the Aborigines. We know the popular justification which military law, military orders and military uniforms spread over what would, under other circumstances, be most criminal actions; and we also know that not even these can justify the cruelty to and persecution of the Indians. Nothing but that savage barbarism which justified hunting negroes with dogs and shooting them with guns, as we do the wild beasts, can justify our course at this time, while the disparity of numbers, means, discipline and skill is so great and advantage so largely on our side.

"All history has proved that no people on earth more readily yielded to kindness, or more honorably reciprocated friendship than the natives of our country, and none are more strictly bound by conscience to carry out promptly all agreements. It almost has invariably been our own people (to their shame) that have broken the treaties or failed to perform them."

Hon. Geo. W. Smith, a delegate to the Austin Convention, Texas, was brutally murdered by the Ku-Klux on the 5th inst.

THE PRESS.

THE AGONIZING REBEL DEMOCRACY.

THE recent elections have created great consternation in the so-called Democratic camp. *The World* has added greatly thereto by proposing a change of front. *The Democrat* and *The Express* strongly oppose any change.

A CRY OF DISTRESS FROM THE LEADING DEMOCRATIC ORGAN.

From the New York World.

Democrats may justly cherish an honorable pride in the, vigor, courage, steadiness, loyality to principle, and patriotism, of the great party which has made so gallant a fight in the October elections. Considering that, two or three years ago, the Democratic Party was proclaimed "dead" by its opponents; that every Republican newspaper predicted for it the fate of the old Federal Party after the last war with England; considering that Congress and all the State Governments were controlled by its bitter foes; that it was overdone by calumnies; that its statesmen were buried in the obscurity of private life, and that four-fifths of the most widely circulated journals have daily labored to bring it into disrepute and odium; considering all these depressing circumstances, it is a signal proof of enduring vitality that the party has been able, in the last elections, to contest every inch of ground against its opponents, and, in spite of their most strenuous efforts, to come within a few votes of beating them in an enormous poll of many hundreds of thousands. Indiana we have either redeemed from the Republicans or have come so near it that there is scarcely any perceptible margin in the strength of the two parties, although the Republicans had a large majority in that State, and although it is the home of the candidate for Vice-President, one of the most popular men in the party. In Pennsylvania, we have carried its chief city, next to New York the most populous in the country, and a change of a few thousand votes would have given us that great State. In Ohio, the Republican majority is but a trifle compared with what it used to be a few years ago. For a party that was so confidently and so jeeringly pronounced "dead," this is a very handsome show. But our gains were not as great as the party deserved.

In inquiring why, having come so near success in these elections, we have just missed it, two reasons appear, in the absence of either of which our triumph would have been certain. These reasons are such as to show that a majority of the people are really on our side, and have been repelled from our support by things having no proper connection with the merits of the canvass. If the military prestige of Gen. Grant had been out of the scale we should have succeeded; or, that remaining, if the perversions of Gen. Blair's position had been out of the scale, we should have succeeded. It would be paying a poor compliment to Gen. Grant, or to the judgment of the party that nominated him, to say that his popularity has not been worth to the Republicans of Pennsylvania half of the meagre majority by which they have carried the State. Put half of that small majority on the other side, and the two parties would be equal. If that number of votes is due to the popularity of Gen. Grant—and it would be ridiculous to suppose the contrary—the election, had it been decided on the issues, would have been in favor of the Democratic party. The same remark will apply to the other States. On the Democratic principles, pure and simple, we should have succeeded. We have been beaten by reasons quite extraneous to the questions in issue.

We could easily have overcome the popularity of Gen Grant if another point had not been raised to divert attention from the issues. The position of Gen. Blair and some of the Southern leaders has been industriously perverted and misrepresented, and *an impression produced that the Democratic party is virtually pledged to overthrow the new State Governments by force.* This slander has repelled more than votes enough to have turned the balance in our favor. The narrow escape of the Republicans from a great defeat is not due to their principles, but to the military prestige of Grant and the aspersions cast upon Blair. In a simple contest of principle we should have succeeded; and we may succeed yet, if we can remove or neutralize these adverse influences, which have really nothing to do with the merits of the public questions.

Can this be done? It is a grave question fraught with the most momentous consequences. We commend it to the attention, to the most earnest reflection, of the recognized leaders of the party. We have still nearly three weeks for action; and where so slight a counterpoise would suffice to turn the scale, prompt action—if it be judicious as well prompt—will accomplish wonders. If in a review of the whole situation, it shall be concluded *that mistakes have been made, it is better that they should be corrected now*, than that the country should be dragged through four more years of strife, to be redeemed then by measures of the same kind that might, by a magnificent exercise of pluck, be easily adopted now. Whatever a sagacious forecast may perceive to be the proper course for the Democratic party four years hence, if it should be beaten now, had better be pursued at once. *The time has come the hour has struck—when we must turn our faces resolutely to the future.* This is a young country, with a great career before it which no imagination can grasp; a majority of our voters are young men abounding in hope, enterprise, ardor, activity; and the country being in the dawn of a new era, when all minds are filled with expectation and excitement, that party has the best chances of a great future which is most in sympathy with the youthful, irrepressible energies of the nation. A growing nation, like an improving individual, has always something to learn. A political party which does not advance with the nation, and enter, into the fullness of its expanding, exuberant life, is on the declivity which descends to decadence and decrepitude. The Democratic party is full of vigorous, youthful, aspiring elements; similar elements in the other party are yearning to join it, if we will but have the boldness to build a bridge on which they can cross. The Democratic party cannot die; its vitality, its invincible tenacity of life, the sanguine confidence with which it gathers energy from defeat, bespeak a great destiny still in reserve.

If our leaders should be convinced by the result of the late elections, that *some mistakes were made by not following their original judgment;* if those who disagreed with them in opinion now see that they misjudged; if there is any impediment to success which can yet be removed by noble daring, or self-sacrificing virtue, or a bold stroke of policy, now is the hour for action! It would be an infinite pity if, when we are so very near success, we should fail to win it by the lack of a little boldness. *Laudace, l'audace, toujours l'audace!* Our principles have not been rejected in these elections; there is no call to change them. All other elements of the canvass are light and trivial compared with the success of our principles. It requires some greatness of soul to act a bold part in an unexpected crises, when everything hangs upon a swift and courageous decision. In this hour, when the party stands with one foot over the brink of peril, and the other on the edge of victory, the capacity of a few men to form a great resolution, may shape the destiny of the country. "We speak as unto wise men; judge ye what we say."

BROADER AND BOLDER HINTS—THE REVOLUTIONISTS MUST GO TO THE REAR.

From the World.

The great and gallant fight which the Democratic party has made in the October elections, increases the pride which its friends have always felt in its indomitable courage and energy. If these October elections were the final contest, the result would fill us with the profoundest regret that such a wealth of high and noble qualities should have been expended in vain; that they should have brought us so close to the summit of success, and yet have stopped just short of it. "When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,"

and, instead of hurling it the thirty feet intervening between him and the mark, the too great weight of the missile causes it to fall short by a few inches, our admiration of the mighty feat increases the regret that it was not quite successful. But if this is a mere trial, preliminary to the final throw, our pride in his prodigious strength inspires the wish that it should not a second time be expended in vain. If the armor of the hero has slightly impeded the freedom of his motions, let him strip away the incumbrance! If the weight is a few ounces, or a few pounds, too heavy for his strength, let a stone-hammer be applied and strike off the superfluous fragments! If an elephant is to pass a river on ice not quite heavy enough to bear him, he had better lose a tusk than be drowned in the stream.

If we had been *badly* beaten in the October elections, we should not think of making these suggestions. But, in point of fact, we have grazed the mark which we intended to hit. We have probably carried Indiana; the Republican majority in Pennsylvania is but a few paltry thousands made up of the fraudulent votes; and even in Ohio the majority of our opponents is less than a sixth part of what it was when their power was at its height. We feel like a person who, in a lottery, has drawn the next to the winning number, or the owner of a horse that failed to win the race by half a neck in consequence of having slightly too heavy a rider. The vexation of defeat is never so keenly felt as when success was just within grasp.

We have not been beaten in these elections on the proper issues of the canvass, but by things quite extraneous to the public questions. The military prestige of the Republican candidate has really nothing to do with the questions of policy involved, and yet that has deprived us of more votes than were necessary for our success in every State. But this is an element which we cannot eliminate. Another thing which has arrested the tide of our gains, and has done us far more injury than the military popularity of Gen. Grant, is the use that has been made of some inconsiderate expressions of Gen. Blair previous to his nomination. The Republican leaders, who are doubtless good judges of the kind of appeals best calculated to prevent desertions from their party, have harped upon those expressions more than upon all other topics put together. They have succeeded in filling timid or credulous minds with apprehensions that the election of the Democratic candidates would be followed by the employment of the army for the forcible ejection of the negro governments, in a rough Cromwellian style. There can be no doubt that the American people yearn for peace, and that nothing could be so fatal to the success of the Democratic party as a belief that it would attempt to cut the gordian knot of Southern politics with the sword. The use made of Gen. Blair's letter has, of course, been uncandid and unfair; but what care the unscrupulous Radicals for fairness or candor? Enough had been said to give a color to their perversions, and in point of fact, they have deluded thousands of weak minds into the absurd belief that the Democratic party is asking the country to indorse a revolutionary programme. The mischief of such representations does not depend upon their being true, but upon their being believed. They carry an imputation which the party cannot stand under, and unless they can be in some way effectually rebutted, we shall again come just near enough to success to wonder that we failed.

This calumny needs to be met by something more effectual than a mere argumentative refutation. Every time it is refuted our opponents slur over or ignore the exposure and rehearse again their quotations from the Brodhead letter, asserting that it was on account of that letter, and of those particular passages in it, that Gen. Blair was nominated. Now we suppose that anybody can easily conceive of ways by which this damaging libel upon the Democratic party could be summarily exposed—so exploded that no more would be left of it than of a heap of exploded gunpowder. Of the two or three ways in which this may effectually be done, we do not feel called upon to particularize any; for the individuals are very few in whose hands the remedies lie, and the remedies themselves are not so recondite as to need any ghost from the other world to reveal what they are. It is obvious enough what they are not. There is nothing to be gained by the incessant and endless contradiction by our party organs of a calumny which the Republican organs will repeat faster than we can print the contradictions, which never reach their readers. The public mind is educated quickly by events; slowly by arguments. What is needed is some event, of such a nature that no voter in the United States can ignore it; of such significance that it can, by no possibility, be misinterpreted. This requires something of the boldness of a great soul, equal to the demands of a great emergency.

A bold manœuvre, after a repulse on the field of battle, has two good effects: it places the men where they fight to better advantage, and it keeps up their courage by showing that their commanders are competent to deal with new features of the situation. But to go on charging in the same way against the same obstacles, as Burnside did at Fredricksburg, discovers a poverty of resources which impairs the confidence of the men. A repulse with nearly equal numbers is nothing serious, so long as they see that the resources of their officers are not exhausted.

No Democrat admits that the success of the party binds it to use the army to disperse the new State Governments. And as the party has no such intention, why should it bear the odium of the damaging imputation? As it contemplates only peaceful and legal modes of redress, it is simple justice to the party that its skirts should be cleared of aspersions, which, so far as they are believed, repel voters from its ranks. The party, as a body, has no other means of clearing itself of this injurious imputation than by futile contradictions in the public journals. But there are individuals who can extinguish this calumny in a moment, and silence it forever. And this must be done, if we are to win the election. This is a time for plain talk, and we trust we have spoken intelligibly enough for those whom it most concerns to take our meaning.

BLAIR ORGAN IN WASHINGTON ALARMED.

THE evening Democratic newspaper here, the organ of the Blair family, editorially repudiates the course of *The World* and *The Intelligencer*, and says that the proposition to change candidates was without the authority of the leaders of the party, and is disastrous in the extreme. The editor says:

"We notice with regret that *The New York World* suggests a change of candidates, meaning, probably, the nomination of Judge Chase. Not a few of our friends have suspected that *The World* was not heartily for the nominations made by the party, and its course, in pressing even now the adoption of its candidates, who could not be supported by the Democratic party, except for the sake of carrying the election at the expense of its principles, goes far to justify the distrust commonly entertained. No practical mind, upon serious reflection could entertain a hope of rallying the party for *The World's* candidates, even if we had six months before us to do the work in. The attempt, in present circumstances, can only be attended with disaster; nor does the paper in this movement speak for any one having the confidence of the party. Tilden, Belmont, and Schell, the representative men of the party in the City of New York, all discard all responsibility for this foolish freak of *The World*, to call it by no worse a name."

THREE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS SWEAR TO THEIR OWN VIRTUE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th.—The following is an answer to a dispatch from this city, asking whether a change in the Democratic Presidential candidates was prompted by the Democracy of New York:

NEW YORK, Oct. 15th.

Jonah D. Hoover, Esq., Washington, D. C.:

No authority or possibility to change front. All friends consider it totally impracticable, and equivalent to disbanding our forces. We in New York are not panic-stricken.

S. J. TILDEN,
AUGUST BELMONT,
AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

THE PRESIDENT FAVORS THE CHANGE.

Special dispatch to the Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15th.—There is no doubt that the proposition to put a new Democratic ticket into the field is received with favor by the President. *The National Intelligencer's* editorial article favoring the movement was inspired from the White House. Gen. Hancock has had enough of Democratic blandishments, and says the defeat of the party is now certain, whatever it may do. Gen. Rosecrans says it is too late for a change of front; that the party has fallen irretrievably into the hands of the Rebels, and must suffer the consequences. Montgomery Blair says the mistake was in not putting Frank Blair at the head of the ticket. *The Richmond Dispatch* of yesterday has an editorial article hinting at a change of candidates, and intimating that if the New York Convention had nominated Chase he could have been elected.

BLAIR'S DESIRE TO WITHDRAW.

Special Dispatch to The Philadelphia Telegraph.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 16th.—The Hon. Frank P. Blair, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, was in this city yesterday in consultation with leading Democrats. It is now ascertained from an apparantly trustworthy source that the General stated freely and earnestly to his friends that he was perfectly willing to resign his nomination as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and advised the withdrawal of his name from the ticket.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

FORESHADOWINGS.

IF the late elections mean all they seem to, the panic in the rebel ranks was natural enough. The vote in Pennsylvania and Indiana is the death warrant of the old Democratic party. That vote shows that the attempt to revive it has failed. The old Democratic party is annihilated. There is no need to inquire which caused the trouble, the platform or the candidates; since the two are Siamese twins. No other platform could have borne Seymour and Blair. Seymour and Blair could consistently have stood on no other platform. The old Democratic party, whose right hand was a slaveholder and its left a doughface, which spoke only lies, and sought only plunder, is dead. It has wielded immense power; the more shame to the nation that allowed it. Still it is something to take comfort in, though nothing to boast of, that the people have at last risen so far as to be thoroughly disgusted with it and "spew it out of their mouths."

For us Abolitionists the event has a deep significance. Whenever the materials which composed that party come together again, it must be to run a race with the Republican party for the favor of Radicalism. This old Democratic party died of a negro. Conqueror of Federalism, despot over the Nation for sixty years, Justice has at last killed it. Let no reformer henceforth despair. This great power represented all the base, selfish and material interests of the land. It was entrenched in race-hatred. Commerce was its ally: the church was its tool. But IDEAS have eaten away its root. At the very moment when it seemed strongest and most threatening, it topples, a hideous ruin, to the ground. We wish we could attribute its fall to the moral sense of the Nation. As the Church, during this long struggle of forty years, never lifted its hand once for emancipation, but left us to owe it at last to fear; so now the Nation bows rather to necessity than to conscience. It is an intellectual recognition of our need, not a moral conviction of our duty. In a healthy, moral state we ought to feel first, then reason. But with the United States the process is reversed.

Still *Nationality*—covering *negro citizenship and suffrage*—with one hand smites the Democratic party and wields, in the other, the strength of the Republican. There is hardly a doubt that hereafter negro citizenship, equality, and suffrage must be the substratum and admitted basis of all political organizations in this country. Over the grave of the last effort to stand on something else may be carved the names of Seymour and Blair. In the history of our race the grave of Charles Stuart marks the last effort of a King to rule us on feudal principles: that of his son James, to dictate in religion; those of Burr and Davis to divide the National Territory. And now the graves of Seymour and Blair mark the last effort to rule this Nation without accepting the Negro as an equal partner. Here then we may set up our memorial stone and call it *Ebenezer;* for "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Our danger lies in the effect this success is likely to have on the Republican party. Over-confident, presuming on its strength, it will be tempted to fall below even its pledges. We need to be vigilant; unceasing in our labor to educate the masses to demand every right thing of it. Fortunately the great problem of reconstruction *cannot* be finally settled except on the right basis. Stern Justice reigns despotic there; no escape, no evasion. Its champions are not the Abolitionist and the Radical—SUMNER or *Wade;* and it laughs *respectable* conservatism and fastidous pedantry to scorn. For its persuasive advocates are Starvation and Anarchy, Bloodshed, choked Trade, impoverished Masses and a Government staggering into bankruptcy. Arguments which might have been unheeded from an Apostle, become oracular from the Market-place.

And beside, the soured Democrat watches his chances. However much we may fairly ask of the dominant party, and however little we may expect of their candidate, what we hope for is a rigorous and impartial execution of the laws. We have never yet met, certainly not among Abolitionists, any man foolish enough to suppose that the effects of Slavery could be razed out in one generation, or cured by the panacea of any mere political arrangements. Out of Slavery grew a social system. Around it was arranged a most complex political organization. Fashion, trade, religion, took shape from it. It will require a century, and the co-operating force of all the elements of civilization and Christianity to remodel these. When the Government, which has robbed the negro for two centuries and fattened on its pillage, returns him a homœpathic share of his damages in the shape of forty acres of land—a measure dictated by the most urgent national necessity; when it secures him education—another national necessity—and when it protects him in the exercise of his political rights, it has finished its task, so far as he is concerned. The insult which dilettanti and snobbish reform offers him by discussing measures to "help" him, is a trifle not worth notice. Next, the Government must keep the channels open, so that the great forces of the century may have free course to civilize the white race of the South. That, too, will take time. By which we do not mean, as Whately says, that "men's minds are to ripen like winter pears, merely by laying them by, and letting them alone." No. We mean that we will be patient for fifty years, provided great forces are allowed to ripen them. We know most of these Wade Hamptons will never ripen under an earthly sky. God, in his mercy, will graciously take those incurables out of our path. And yet we recognize that there is more hope of many of them than of their Northern flunkies. Many a Southerner was blindly honest. He did not shut his eyes. He lived in darkness. All he needs is light, not honesty. The worst obstacles we have are Seymours and Adamses. The first Adams cheated his party: was the assassin of the most intellectual Statesman of that age, Alexander Hamilton. There has never been a generation of the family since which has not repeated the treason. Choate dreamed once of a "last Adams." Heaven vouchsafes us no such luck. They are a type of the worst rot that attacks republics:—a vain, greedy, decorous race, always in the market, and in making up which their maker—whoever he was—omitted every generous emotion and a moral sense.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTION AND AFTER.

WE warn enthusiastic Radicals not to be too much elated by the present unsettled condition of the Rebel-Democracy. One effect of *The World* sensation will be to relax the working vigilance of those who have hitherto been stirred to effort by the consciousness of a "political necessity." Another and a still more important bearing of *The World* movement is its probable connection with a "conservative" plot already maturing for the purpose of dictating the policy of the incoming administration. The sequel will doubtless prove that the real struggle for supremacy will, a little later, take place, not between *The World* and its opponents of the copperhead fraternity, but in the ranks of the Republican party. The compensation which will be claimed by *The Times*, *The Post*, and the Fessenden-Ross Republicans, for their service in this canvass, will be a controlling voice in the direction of the new administration. It is no secret that the "extreme" Radicals are, if possible, to be pushed to the wall. We have too often triumphed in our demands over a "conservative," pro-slavery opposition to be doubtful as to the final issue of this contest, temporarily held in abeyance by the stress of a presidential campaign. Chattel slavery has been overthrown, and with that foundation shaken the "conservative" forces have no other equally impregnable basis upon which to build. Logically there is no half-way house for conservatives to halt at between emancipation, and voting and office holding—between the free plantation, and the chair of the Representative, or Senator, or the White House.

Radicals should be forearmed by being forewarned, and be prepared for as decisive a victory in the inevitable contest to follow after the election, as in that which will be terminated with the Rebels at the polls on the third of November. Weapons and means of defense must be promptly put in the hands of the loyalists of the South. Johnson, the chief of the murderous Ku-Klux, must be deposed next month, and suffrage for the blacks, and the right to hold office, be guaranteed and made uniform, upon the basis of equality with the whites, throughout the North and South. To this level the nation must finally be brought. The sooner the better.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A decree has been issued by the Spanish Junta declaring that all children born of slaves after the 19th inst, shall be free. Colonial Deputies, to be admitted to the Constituent Cortes, will be allowed to propose a plan for the abolition of slavery. This we hope may prove to be the beginning of the early overthrow of slavery in the Spanish dominions. Among the half million slaves of Cuba it is not improbable that there are to-day considerable numbers who were shipped from the Southern States, by American slave-owners, who foresaw that, as a result of the war, they must relinquish their hold upon such "property" here.

We have frequent assurances of the deep interest with which THE STANDARD is read among the colored people of the South, where it has been introduced to their notice. The Hon. H. W. Purvis, a member of the South Carolina Legislature, writes of the good it does in strengthening and encouraging onward many who are in the terrible breach, which Southern loyalists, colored and white, now have to fill. We are indebted to him for additions to our subscription list. Mr. Charles D. Haynes of Aiken, Barnwell County, South Carolina will act as our agent in that portion of the State. A correspondent now traveling in the South, in a private note, says:

"I had a little experience with THE STANDARD the other day which shows the eagerness with which the negroes seek knowledge. I had no paper to give the girl who came to make our fire in the morning, so gave her THE STANDARD, as I had read it. She glanced at it, and seeing the name put it down and walked off. In five minutes she came back with a shovel of red coals and lighted the fire with *them*. I observed as she left room THE STANDARD had disappeared—carried off to be read. I tried the same experiment again with a similar result."

From time to time friends of freedom, in this country, and in England, have forwarded to us donations for the purpose of sending THE STANDARD among the more advanced and influential of the colored people of the South. The paper, as thus sent, has been very warmly welcomed and thoroughly appreciated, exerting, as we have opportunity to know, a wholesome and, as things now are, a very important influence. We invite other liberal donations for the same end.

MR. THOMAS NAST furnishes *Harper's Weekly* with another of those spirited sketches which, of late have arrested so much of public attention. The present status of the Negro, the attitude of Rebel-Democracy, and his patient endurance of persecution, are all happily typified by the title of the sketch, "Patience On A Monument," in which a negro sits upon the apex of a monument—the broken chain and gun at his feet showing that he has been both *bondman* and "one of the saviours of his country." Upon his lap rests the "Freedom Proclamation," with the raised letters, "EMANCIPATED BY A. LINCOLN," and upon his uncovered brow and patient features one may read all the endurance of wrong—the quiet trust in a better future—characteristics which have won the admiration of the world. Upon the base, lie the outstretched forms of a Slave Mother, with an infant at her breast, and a dead child by her side. Lettered all over the monument are inscriptions blackening and blistering to the name of Modern Democracy—the treasonable utterances of the Wade Hamptons and the Rebel Press, North and South; while upon the left side is a specimen of the "Five Points" Irishman, flourishing a bludgeon; and upon the right, one of the masked K. K. Ks. aiming a pistol at the form of the negro surmounting the monument. In the back-ground are burning Colored Orphans' Asylums and Freedman Schools; Negroes suspended on trees and lamp-posts, crowds of infuriated Ku-Klux, etc. Both in conception and execution it is one of the best of the many political illustrations which Mr. Nast has furnished the public. We rejoice that genius such as his is lent to so true reformatory labor, and that the *Harpers* assist in giving it very extended usefulness.

We are glad to be able to chronicle the return of the Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN to the Forty-first Congress from Indiana. For a long time it has been an earnest purpose on the part of his Copperhead opponents to compass in some way his defeat. This year unusual, and most unscrupulous efforts have been put forth against him. They have happily, however, come to nought. Mr. JULIAN is one of the oldest and truest members of the Radical party, in advance of the average of Republicanism. Especially since the death of THADDEUS STEVENS he could illy be spared from the present, and the next Congress.

Rebel violence at the South seems rather to have increased, than to have diminished since the discomfiture of the party confederates at the polls on the 13th inst. in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. The past week has witnessed numerous shocking murders and assassinations for political reasons, and an act of piracy on the Mississippi, so bold and daring as to indicate that open warfare had been renewed. In view of this state of affairs, a session of Congress, at the earliest possible day, for precautionary and effective legislation, is an urgent necessity.

We reprint elsewhere two articles from the N. Y. *World* which have caused great consternation in the Copperhead camp. *The World* on several occasions hitherto has shown a disposition to get its head out of the present uncomfortable party yoke, but each time it has had to succumb, and is likely to have to do so again. It has done good service in exposing more fully to public view the weakness, wickedness, and lack of harmony among its unworthy confederates.

An important Convention of colored men, as will be seen from the official call printed on our first page, is to be held in Washington on the 13th of January next.

We regret to be obliged to defer till our next issue several letters received too late for use this week. Among the number is a very interesting account of the reassembling of the Radical Club, of Boston, from the pen of Miss Kate Field, which we shall present to our readers next week.

PERSONAL.

Madame George Sand is to publish a weekly paper to be called *Le Franc Parleur.*

Charles Dickens began his farewell series of readings in London on the 6th instant. St. James's Hall was completely filled by an audience which testified its delight by frequent applause. Mr. Dickens recited "Doctor Marigold" and the "Trial" from "Pickwick." "Mr. Chips, the Dwarf," which was not read here, is announced in Mr. Dickens's programme.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "Mr. R. W. Emerson's lectures always call out a large company of distinguished people—poets, artists, novelists, statesmen, orators and critics; but the show last Monday evening at the Meionaon was even more than commonly brilliant. Among the best known auditors on that occasion were Motley, the historian; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Charles Sumner; James Russell Lowell; Wendell Phillips, Prof. Pierce, the mathematician; and Hunt, the artist. Thackeray's youngest daughter was also among the audience.

Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell has recently completed and delivered to her publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Son of this city, a work upon which she has been for several years engaged, which will be issued at an early day under the title of *Studies in General Science.* Though of late retired from pulpit labors and the lecture field, wherein she filled a large sphere of usefulness, it will be seen that Mrs. Blackwell has not in the interim been idle. Her book will be sought with much interest by many who have heretofore been quickened in thought and noble purpose by her earnest words and her brave, womanly example.

Victor Hugo has agreed to deliver to his publishers, in the beginning of November, the manuscript of a new novel, entitled "By Order of the King." The work is to comprise four volumes, and for each of these $10,000 is paid. This is $2,000 more than he received for any of his previous works. Besides the novel, the poet is to furnish two other volumes—a poem, "The End of Satan," and "The Theatre in Liberty," which latter is to contain a drama and two comedies not written for the stage. During the last few years the same publishers have paid M. Hugo nearly one million of francs. "By Order of the King" is to appear in January; and before April the second part of the "Légende des Siecles" will be published.

Sallie Holley is lecturing very successfully in Maine. In a private note from Bucksport, Me., dated Oct., 13th, she says:

"Last Sunday evening I had a large audience here in the Orthodox Congregational Church—first time a woman ever spoke in it. Nothing shows more plainly the advance of public sentiment than the ease and freedom with which these churches open to me here. To-morrow evening I speak in Castine, and next Sunday in Portland. On Sunday, October 25th, I shall speak in Great Falls, N. H.

A note just received from Portland, dated October 19th, mentions that Miss Holley addressed a large audience in that city on the 18th inst, and obtained several new subscribers for THE STANDARD.

The (N. Y.) *Ambassador* says of Miss Dickinson's "What Answer?":

"We may say that it is to the war, what Uncle Tom's Cabin was to the Fugitive law. In form it is a fiction, but its substance is fact. Fort Wagner, the stampede of slaves to the Federal camp, the strange, poetical heroism of the blacks, the riots—all are worked into the story. The style is so much like the author on the platform that as we read we are forced to imagine Anna E. Dickinson behind the phrase, pushing it forth with that nervous energy, and applying it with that electrical unction. The times call for just such a book. We are glad that Miss Dickinson applied herself to the task. *he* could not write without a purpose."

Tom Hughes, the workingmen's candidate from Lambeth, has refused to avail himself of the usual corrupt means for securing his election to Parliament. In a late speech to his constituents he said:

"He did not intend to use any public room in the borough. He did not intend to 'bill' himself all over the walls of the borough, or to stick himself up between the blue horse and the latest acrobat who threw somersaults for the benefit of the British public. He would not stick up 'Hughes forever,' but he would meet the electors at public meetings in every part of the borough, and explain to them the grounds of his political faith. He did not believe in the old electioneering machinery and he would not use it. It was nothing but bribery, only bribery in a form which brought the briber under no risk of losing his seat."

Mr. Hughes is receiving the support of most of the London press, and it is to hoped will be elected, in spite of "beer and balderdash."

Admiral Semmes, at a Mobile "Democratic" meeting, said that he "fought the war on Democratic principles." He continued as follows:

"There is really but one grand issue in this contest, and that is the restoration of these States to their proper places in the Union, with all their rights and privileges unimpaired. The issue will have the effect to *drive from our midst* the hordes of adventurers who have swarmed upon us like vultures, to eat up the substance of the people. *The issue will again reduce the negro to a subordinate position as the inferior race*, and restore the white man to the government which belongs to him. When you have settled this issue it will be time enough to rid ourselves of the leprous army which has been fattening upon the wealth of the South. It will be time enough to settle questions of currency. It will be time enough to destroy the tariff and taxation under which the nation has been groaning. And now, fellow citizens, I have come here to declare that I have given in my allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* we can restore the old flag again to be the representative of the principles of the Constitution, which we will be able to effect by the election of Seymour and Blair."

PENNSYLVANIA MEETINGS.

THE Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society announce a series of meetings to be held in Philadelphia and its vicinity, during the second week of December. The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, December 10th. On the evening of that day, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Festival will be held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. On Wednesday evening, the 9th of December, Wendell Phillips will deliver his lecture on Daniel O'Connell, in Concert Hall.

In conjunction with the friends of Freedom in Kennett, Westchester, Newtown and Bristol, the Executive Committee expect to hold meetings in those places during the week. The times and places of these meetings will be duly advertised in THE STANDARD.

The present condition of our country, the testimony to the fearful peril of the colored population in the South, which is continually borne by themselves and their friends who witness it, urge us by the strongest motives to work mightily for the consummation of their freedom. The solemn promise of the Nation, sealed by the Constitutional Amendment which declares Slavery illegal, can be fulfilled in good faith only by Constitutional protection of the BALLOT in their hands.

This is the present demand of the Abolitionists on behalf of their clients. To this end we labor; to this we are pledged by our early vows; and to accomplish this, the *complete* and *secured freedom* of the American Slave, we call upon all earnest and loyal friends of Freedom to aid us by hearty co-operation and generous gifts of money, according to their ability.

On behalf of the Committee,

EDWARD M. DAVIS.
ROBERT PURVIS.
MARY GREW.

A meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Festival Committee will be held at No. 333 Walnut street, on Wednesday the 28th inst., at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Punctual attendance of all the members, and others interested in the festival and willing to assist in preparations for it, is requested.

MARY GREW, Chairman.

MR. EMERSON'S SECOND LECTURE.

MR. EMERSON has delivered the first and second of his Boston course of new lectures. The first was upon Art. For the following interesting sketch of the second lecture we are indebted to Miss L. M. Alcott:

In spite of the rain an audience, such as Emerson alone can draw, met to hear the lecture on Poetry and Criticism. It was a rare treat to those who listened, with intent faces, to the smooth flow of the gifted voice which had never been in better tune, and was an unconscious illustration of his own phrase, "ideas steeped in music."

It is difficult to report Emerson unless one can preserve the thread on which his memorable sentences are strung. A few samples are all we can give as hints of his lecture:

"Veracity is needed in modern poets. There is too much enamel—too little design. I want an architect and they give me an upholsterer."

"The fault of most poetry is that it is insincere. Unless it has an autobiographical basis it shall not rob me of my time. The poet must believe in his work or I am soon cured of my belief."

"All things are transparent to him, and I value the poet's name of a thing more than the thing itself."

"We may not speak the truth in prose, we may in poetry."

"Memory is the best test of poetry; I am dazzled at the first reading, but afterward the important passages return to me and I am drawn back to re-read and enjoy them."

"Let the poets omit all but the important passages, and we shall have true poetry."

"Shakespeare was made up of important passages. He invented characters and then reported their words and acts as if he knew the men. This is poetry."

"Real Kings and queens seemed shabby counterfeits of his monarchs, for the royalty he knew was all his own, and his tragedy was a victorious melody which healed its own wounds."

"He was a street bible as well as the companion of the finest minds. The most robust thinker that ever existed; and the babe in its cradle is to be congratulated on the possession of Nature and Shakespeare."

"Cervantes went out of the world one day that Shakespeare might be born the next."

Among the distinguished listeners were Miss. Hosmer, Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Howe, Phillips, Professors Pierce and Lowell.

L. M. A.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 18th, 1868.

THAT veteran of the old "Free Soil party," Elizur Wright, has sent a letter all the way from St. Paul, Minn., to set forth, in the *Commonwealth*, his indignation and disgust at those Republicans who would chose Richard H. Dana rather than Ben. Butler to represent them in Congress. He points out how the negroes were defrauded, the unrepentant rebels favored, and the victories of loyalty largely neutralized by the efforts of that class of men to prevent the confiscation of rebel property, to withdraw the colored regiments from service in the region where their masters lived, to give indiscriminate amnesty to those masters, and to withhold suffrage from the uneducated class of negroes. He concedes the merits of Mr. Dana "as a gentleman and a scholar," but thinks that, if the next Congress were composed of politicians like him, "General Grant would have another rebellion to crush without anything solid to stand on."

Mr. Dana had an unpleasant reminder of one of the evil features of his policy at Faneuil Hall the other night. As he was complaining of the reign of terror in the South, and insisting that free speech was impossible there "because Andrew Johnson stood between the people of the country and its exercise," some one cried out—"Why didn't you help impeachment, then?" The party has paid dearly for the blunder of those of its members who resisted impeachment, and it would be the extreme of folly to hamper the new administration by electing or re-electing such persons.

Among the interesting matters in the Annual meeting of the American Social Science Association, which took place here last week, were statements by Mr. Sanborn, the recording Secretary, that through the efforts of that Association active movements had been made in various States of this Union, and in Canada, for improvement in the laws and customs relating to prison discipline, and that very desirable changes in this respect were in progress. He also stated that great and encouraging success had attended the recent efforts to teach articulate language to deaf-mutes, and that there was good reason to expect that this method would soon supersede the cumbrous and unsatisfactory old [illegible] finger-language.

Valuable suggestions were made in the remarks of Prof. William B. Rogers, President of the Association, respecting the scope and comprehensiveness of social science, and its relation to jurisprudence, trade, education, in fact all speculative and experimental knowledge, and all varieties of improvement. He touched upon the questions of capital and labor, eulogized free trade as a grand humanitarian principle, suited to knit together all the nations and tribes of the earth, demanded free trade in opinion as well as in material products, and would welcome all intellects, all studies, all schools, all the experience of practical men, as important contributions towards the discovery and elucidation of truth.

Prof. Rogers thought that just now, throughout New England, there was a tendency to excess in two things, namely, the number of studies, and the amount of mental labor, required in our common schools, and also in private schools, for children, and the excess of bodily exercise pursued by young men in rowing, and the games of base-ball and cricket. We are imitating the English Universities in carrying physical culture too far, and placing an exorbitant estimate on high attainments in it.

Prof. Rogers bestowed high praise upon a pamphlet by Dr. Derby, pointing out the great and very deleterious effects produced on the air of our houses by the use of iron stoves, or at least by the undue heating of them. He asserts that, at even the first stage of redness, heated iron allows the passage through its substance of a poisonous gas, most fatal to respiration, and proved so by numerous statistics from medical sources.

The Presidency of this Association having been held three years by Prof. Rogers, he resigned it, and Samuel Elliot, LL.D., of this city was chosen in his place.

Interesting and valuable papers were read before the Association by the members pre-appointed or volunteering for that purpose, but unfortunately, the attendance was small. This indifference may perhaps be accounted for by the intense interest of the community in the national politics, and the excitement caused, that day by a democratic feeler put forth to try the feasibility of a change of candidates. These circumstances, however, did not prevent a very great gathering at the Tremont Temple, on Friday evening to hear addresses on the Temperance question.

This large audience was held in earnest attention, first for an hour, by Rev. Dr. Miner, showing the material, commercial and economical side of the use of intoxicating drinks in our country, and the immense loss and injury which the country sustains from this source—and next for a still longer time by Wendell Phillips, who pointed out the political and moral duties springing from these evils. In this country he said, all questions of public interest in time gravitate to the polls, and find expression at the ballot-box. The temperance man who refrains from carrying his principles there either fails to understand his subject, or is a traitor to his principles. The dictate of Christianity that we sustain the feeble, and help bear the burdens of the weak brother, plainly teaches that we should use every effort in their behalf, and take away, by a stringent prohibitory law, the traps that law has heretofore allowed to be spread for them at every street corner. Mr. Phillips proposed that on the 4th of November next, and thenceforward, the temperance men of Massachusetts make their demands in regard to that reform *prominent* in all political movements.

The half-converted state of the North in regard to social distinctions founded on color is well illustrated by recent occurrences at Burlington, Vermont. John Chauncey, a mulatto preacher from Canada, came to that place by rail late at night on the 18th ult., and, going to the "Lake House" with his fellow-passengers, was refused entertainment on account of his color. After walking the streets awhile, he found admission at another hotel; but, these facts having been mentioned in the *Burlington Free Press*, Mr. Z. G. Clark wrote a note to the editor for the purpose of making known that *no* colored person would receive entertainments at the Lake House while he (Clark) continued to keep it. The fruits of our protracted alliance with slavery seem likely to continue long to plague us.

Yesterday morning came, suddenly, our first snow-storm, and last night our first hard frost in Boston. We have had many specimens, lately, of the perfection of autumn weather, and the last week has shown an admirable series of gradations in the colors of trees and shrubs, while the grass continues fresh and green. Why do some maple trees change from green and red, while others of the same species change to yellow? And why does the same yellow ripen, in some trees, to a rich golden color, and in others to a deep orange-russet? Let those city-folks who can, be sure to get a glance at country scenery before this bravery of nature's dress is put off for the season.

Oct. 19th.

After a long summer vacation, the first session this this season of the "Free Religious Club" was held this morning, at the hospitable house of Rev. John T. Sargent. A paper was read by Rev. David A. Wasson, as the first business of the meeting. The speaker gave the alarming announcement that he proposed to contest the correctness of that saying of the Declaration of Independence which we have been accustomed to receive as a self-evident truth, that "all men are born free." The performance that followed, however, was in no wise dreadful, as the author expended his dialectic subtlety on the refutation of some *possible* meanings of that phrase, leaving untouched that particular meaning of it which he who wrote it and those who adopted it intended, and which the American people have understood. The Essay then went on to give some just criticism upon our stage of civilization, mentioning as some features of it the increasing commonness of flimsy, worthless, fraudulent work in all handicrafts, the nonfulfilment of promises and obligations in commercial and political life, and the struggle of "rings," cliques and caucuses to use the governmental machinery for the accomplishment of their selfish ends. The true liberation of the human being, Mr. Wasson thought, was shown in a readiness to submit his will to the discipline needful for it, and to make choice subordinate to reason.

In the course of the discussion which followed the Essay, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody said that, in estimating the evils apparent in our political system, ignorance, lamentable and obstructive as it is, ought not to be classed with egotism; the negative should be distinguished from the positive. Selfishness was the great evil with which we had to contend; and so far was that vice from being neutralized by that book learning and intellectual culture to which the name "education" is commonly restricted, that our worst misgovernment has come from the class which prided itself mainly on this culture. Egotism had shown itself there in its very worst form. The excess of the misgovernment we have endured in this direction should encourage us to a fearless trial of "universal suffrage," which has never yet been tried in any country. People talk about comparing the two methods, and undertake to enumerate their advantages and disadvantages. But this cannot be intelligently done until the thing properly called democracy shall have been tried in actual life, and shown its character by its fruits.

She (Miss Peabody) had lately returned from lands governed by various degrees of monarchy and despotism, and she found in them evils and abuses to which ours are as nothing. She was not insensible to the short-comings and the faults of our system; but she could assure her hearers that we were far nearer than any of the old countries to the true idea of republicanism, and that we had every encouragement to persevere in bringing that system to the ideal standard, and adopting universal suffrage.

Mr. Weiss heartily agreed to what Miss Peabody had stated, and thought that one of the best improvements in our political system now to be hoped and striven for, was the association in it of that class which she represented, the women of the United States. The predominance of women in the emotional, intuitional and moral departments of our nature made a fair balance for man's intellectual predominance. The union of these two was necessary to complete the human being, and a government conducted by either of them singly must needs be an imperfect government. Mr. Weiss expressed in glowing terms his anticipation of the benefits to be expected from associating women in the duties, responsibilities and labors of political life.

Miss Peabody rejoined that her remarks had been prompted by the thought, not of the women, but of the colored people, of this country. Whether women were superior to men in the moral and intuitional departments, she did not feel well assured. Certainly, she would

make no *claim* of that sort; and, for aught she knew, the passionate nature of women might fairly match any particular trait or defect in the masculine character. She did not expect any immediate or very speedy amelioration in our politics or morals through the voting or the office-holding of women. Improvement in these things, as in others, must necessarily be of slow growth. But she proceeded to state very earnestly the merits and capabilities of the negro character, and looked forward in full confidence to a fine development of those capabilities in the future of our country.

Mr. Morse, editor of the Radical, said that however right might be the theory, and however wise the practice, of universal suffrage, it was too much the custom in this country to flatter the people by assuming that their collective voice was also the voice of truth, and might be relied on as an indication of the right course to be pursued.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, agreed in this opinion, and made further remarks; and Messrs. Emerson, Alcott, Sargent, Hallowell and others joined in comment and conversation making the occasion one of deep interest.

NORTH.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19th, 1868.

WE are experiencing the pleasant relief that follows an important and exciting election. It is good to have it over. Although there was some reason to apprehend disturbance and difficulty, accompanied by a conflict of authority, the day passed in comparative quiet, and there was but little more than the usual record of police details. Careful precaution was taken to maintain the peace of the city, and the good order that prevailed was due in large measure to the attitude of some of our judges; the determination of the Mayor, and the presence of the Governor. The latter had previously announced that in case of necessity, he would employ the power he possessed to subdue any tumult. This, in conjunction with the position taken by our local authorities, exerted its proper salutary influence upon the spirit of ruffianism, and put a check upon its demonstrations.

On no previous occasion has such a magnitude of effort been involved, nor such a thorough and effective marshalling of opposing forces, as on Tuesday last. No city in the Union ever polled so large a vote. And this doubtless gained large accessions from abroad. Few Democrats are willing to deny this, and the fact seems to be beyond serious dispute. It never can be known what number of illegal and fraudulent ballots were deposited, and never before was this outrage upon the purity of the ballot-box perpetrated to such a gigantic extent. The naturalization frauds are of noteworthy prominence, and the system as successfully prosecuted here up to the very eve of the election, would be a disgrace to any community, whether civilized or not. These wrongs were so glaringly done in the interest of the Democratic party, that one is led to cast all censure thereupon, albeit the Republicans may not be free from similar sin. Think of a party and party leaders, tools, its politicians and office-seekers, engaged in a base work like this, of attempting to carry an election by systematic fraud, by tactics utterly lawless, by an importation of the gross material from other cities to subserve their purpose to the fullest possible extent, and at the same time to declare by placard throughout the city that they are entirely too "God-fearing" to have a man to rule over them as Mayor who is "not a member of the church." Yes; think of it! Such a party, God-fearing. Well, these God-fearing Democrats defeated Gen. Tyndale—defeated him by such means, methods, appliances and helps as ought to cause the very heathen to blush with shame, and cringe with reproach. And the people are not content. The cry has gone forth that the elections must be contested. At least there is a determination to endeavor to do something to rectify the wrongs that have been comitted or in some way to punish the guilty. The spirit that prevails is well indicated by a call published this morning for a public meeting to be held to-morrow night at Concert Hall, "To express condemnation of the gross frauds committed by the leaders of the Democratic party at the late election." The Union League Committee, by whom the meeting is called, declare that "The ballot-box has been openly desecrated—fraud and violence have defied the will of the people—armed ruffians have been brought from other cities to overawe the peaceable voter—and fraudulent naturalization papers have been voted by thousands." "Let us meet," they say, "and take council together for the protection of our rights."

Heartily may we all wish that some good will be accomplished, and that the movement may lead to measures and events that will bring the condemned ones to grief. They have no right to the power they have so dishonestly obtained. Party leaders that are guilty of the baseness and dishonor that marks their action, should never be entrusted with authority, and if there is any course now open whereby they can be dispossessed of their illegitimate claims, in the name of justice let it be speedily sought.

You are aware that Judge Kelley has been re-elected. His majority however is considerably less than before, being under two thousand. Two Republican Members of Congress now holding seats from this city have been defeated, one by the small majority of forty-one for his opponent. I believe it is their intention to contest the election, and even Democrats predict that they will have an easy task to reclaim their seats, captured by the enemy through fraud.

Although the Rebel Democracy had a majority of votes in the city (such as they were) they have been splendidly defeated throughout the State. Here centres the source of the moral effect upon the nation, and we can look into the future by the light of a cheerful promise. A Rebel will not succeed a rebel in the White House. That much seems as clear and sure as daybreak. When Johnson goes out, the "lost cause" may nurse despair in its forlorn condition. Let us hope that its dying embers may soon die out.

These late elections mean that the nation is to be redeemed from all traitorous influence, all tyranny and oppression. They indicate far more than mere partizan triumphs, and although cowardice and selfishness may yet play a conspicious part, they give a guarantee of a better period, and hope of higher fulfilments. They point to the reign of something far better and nobler in the future, and are a step in the direction of justice and equal rights secured to every citizen of our land. For these we can work with greater zeal and spirit than if disloyalty were to win the great prize in November, and we must not let the people slumber or rest until the rights of all men are secured. The Constitution of the United States yet lacks the guarantee of protection to the colored man through the right of suffrage, and there should be no end to our labors until the act of incorporating it there is accomplished. The Constitution must chime in full accord with the Declaration of Independence. Loyal people must be able to live in peace in every section of the land, and the negro, North as well as South, must have the ballot. To this end still let us labor.

W.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20th, 1868.

WITH piracy on the Mississippi River and organized political assassination in the South, Mr. Speaker Colfax causes it to be given out, that he is assured there will be no session of Congress on the 10th of November. The reign of assassination has been unchecked for this, now nearly three years past, and yet nothing is to be done. This is the wisdom of our so-called statesman, or perhaps it is the cunning of the adroit politician desiring to evade an issue.

When Congress does assemble, the first question to be met, is that involved in the case of Georgia. As we all know, the rebels and treacherously esteemed unionists have robbed, with quasi legal forms, the colored citizen of two guaranteed rights, that of office-holding and the jury-box. The franchise in the only barrier left. The freed voters are in a minority of about 20,000 on the entire vote. It needs only that some few thousand of the poor and ignorant whites should be aroused again by prejudices, etc., to cause the continuance of the acheived wrong and make it probable that an attack on the citidel of suffrage itself shall be made. Georgian Democrats would be content to lose some representatives in Congress, if thereby they could disfranchise the colored man.

Now comes the tug of war. There can be no doubt that efforts will be made by our faithful radicals in Congress, so soon as it assembles, to devise some measure by which Georgia's fraudulent action can be reached. What is to be feared is that the Washburnes, Dawes, Fessendens, Rosses, and their ilk, will immediately unite in howling at Butler and others who will undoubtedly be heard, declaring that all Georgia needs is protection for loyal men and their votes will at once right the wrong done by the present usurping legislature. These men, who will set themselves up as the conscience-keepers of Gen. Grant, will fail to see entirely that the Republicanism, so far as it means equal rights, cannot be more than skin deep with large bodies of the native white unionists. Let the protection be ensured to them without correction of the wrong done the colored citizen in Georgia, and the chances are ten to one that those wrongs will be perpetuated and increased.

It would almost seem as if this was desired. The first efforts made towards Grant's nomination came out of a desire to kill off the Radicals. The mode aimed at was a union of Democracy and Conservative Republicanism, with no platform for their candidate. This was killed almost before being born. Now the scheme is revived. The personal popularity of Grant proves, it is believed, to be greater than his party strength. Hence all the Hunkers are flocking to his standard. They do this for the purpose of controlling his administration. The late movement of the *World* was a piece of strategy in that direction. You see indications in a thousand directions that there is a belief that Grant does not sympathize with the Radicalism of his party. Upon that is based a belief that he can be coaxed and cajoled into sympathy with so-called Conservatism.

The last *Round Table*, in its milk and water copperhead sympathies—drippings from the *World* office and the Manhattan club—thus let out its hopes:

"There have been such men as John Tyler and Andrew Johnson; and such a sight as Ulysses S. Grant with the Democracy of the country, North and South, massed at his back, while he sets at defiance the infuriated and astonished Radicals, would not be, should it come to pass in 1870, an altogether unprecedented spectacle."

I wonder how Grant will like this comparison with Johnson?

There will be a strong effort on the part of many Southern politicians, sympathizing with the taking-possession idea, to quiet the murderous spirit of their constitutencies. Should they succeed, the resistance of the "Damphool" politicians in Congress will be strengthened by this pesudo pacification. *The wrong done in Georgia must be remedied by Congressional action during the ensuing session, or otherwise it will be imitated in every State of the South where all colored voters are in a minority.*

I am assured by persons whose relations with General Grant have for years past been of the most intimate character that the General is perfectly convinced that the only way to achieve peace is to place the question of political rights upon a basis that will last. If this be true, it will be very easy for General Grant to cause the removal of an annoying question from out of his Administration's pathway. If he will let it be known when Congress meets that he favors the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment making suffrage equal and universal throughout the land, such an amendment will be passed by Congress and adopted by the State Legislatures before the Fourth of March next. Let him do this, aid in the removal of this much vexed question from the national arena, and we shall not only be able to say with him "Let us have Peace," but we shall have secured it.

ASMODEUS.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM ASMODEUS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 16th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MAY I briefly note the letter from Philadelphia, signed "Camp Wm. Penn," in the last STANDARD? I regret that the writer should be so angered at my letter of the previous week, but I regret still more that there should have been any occasion for me to write it; which in spite of "Camp Wm. Penn's" evident honesty of denial is not the less true. Perhaps I ought to express contrition at the use of the term "fellows" as applied to those excellent gentlemen, Messrs. Collins and Owens, but as I meant nothing personally disrespectful in the use of the collective phrase, I don't have any such feeling, and shall not therefore make any apology.

I reassert, that from and in Philadelphia, both before and during the late Soldiers' Convention, the intimations were frequent and authoritative, that it would be undesirable and highly inexpedient, to either have colored survivors of the war come to the City of Brotherly Love, or participate in the public demonstration *after* coming. The call was addressed, I know, to all who served in the war and who sympathized with the present position of the Republican party. I was at Philadelphia myself in consequence of that call, and I did not participate in the proceedings because of very evident desire to give the "cold shoulder" to all attempts at representing the 220,000 men of color, who on land and sea fought for the Republic.

Now let me particularize. Wm. A. Saunders, of Florida, is the only soldier who was present from that State. He is a man of great influence there, a leading politician, whose name has been prominently connected with Congressional honors, a man of fair education, and considerable natural gifts, but then his skin is about a shade darker than that of most white men having a bilious temperament. Gov. Harrison Reed, not a soldier, *was* placed on the list of officers of the Convention. Mr. Saunders *was not*, though he presented himself at the Continental with the view of such recognition. Mr. Saunders himself stated that he was put off, not directly, but exactly as I stated it, in a "whisper" or with an excuse. He could not and did not, fail to see the lack of desire to recognize his presence.

Surely it would not have been at all difficult for Philadelphia, had there not been a pressure brought to bear to prevent the same as inexpedient, to have herself sent into that splendid column, which moved through Chestnut street in such superb style, some of her bronzed veterans, survivors of those regiments that at Camp William Penn were instructed in the "art of war." My experience of the colored man proves him quite willing to participate in movements to which he is properly called, but equally as sensitive in not pushing his way where the majority consider his presence an inexpedient intrusion.

But I pass the significant fact that the colored veterans of Philadelphia were not represented, and come to a more direct statement. In this city the great body of "Boys in Blue" are colored men—veterans of the war. The white veterans are mostly in the Departments, and therefore find it inexpedient to "demonstrate" publicly, however strong their sympathies may be in the same way.

I am informed on the best authority that the commanding officer of the "Boys in Blue" here, did, some time before the Philadelphia Convention, propose to the managers both here (I mean the National Committee people) and in the Quaker City itself, to bring to the Demonstration and Convention a considerable body of colored veterans. I am also informed that in Philadelphia he was most earnestly dissuaded from doing so, upon the ground that it was inexpedient, would arouse prejudice, and so endanger the election in Pennsylvania. This was not street talk. There was some commotion here about it, and I believe the District S. and S. Republican Committee, of which I see Col. Hinton is the chairman, neither encouraged or discouraged the colored men, simply saying that if they went they should see that they were as well treated as themselves. Fifteen colored men went from here. On arrival in Philadelphia they however became spectators, not participants. I asked one of them—a man bearing the marks of a half-dozen wounds—why he and his comrades did not march in the column? His reply was that they felt they were not wanted—that everybody impressed upon them that it was highly inexpedient for colored men to appear in the line.

I do not doubt that had they appeared, "their treatment would have been exactly the same as that of other honorably discharged soldiers and sailors." My criticism lies back of their failure to appear on the streets of Philadelphia, to the "whispers" which dampened their ardor, and prevented their showing their sympathy with the political position of Gen. Grant.

The "Boys in Blue" of Baltimore were anxious, as I learn also, to have a delegation of their colored comrades present. Some went with them, but did not appear in the ranks, because they were impressed that the management did not want them; their appeals were made, as I personally know, to colored men not to complicate the issue; not by their own acts to endanger the common cause, and it was urged that the election of Grant was too important to risk the loss of a single vote by their presence.

"Camp Wm. Penn" angered by what he considers a personal slight of his friends in the management, has run a tilt against me. I admire the motives more than the discretion, because it is not my habit to "sacrifice facts," either in "zeal for the negro" or for the purpose of setting "up an imaginary foe upon whom to display" my "skill and valor." I hold with Wendell Phillips that it is equally as cowardly to seek danger when there is no reason for doing so, as it is to avoid it, if duty calls in that direction. Hence I have not time nor inclination to fight any foe. Unless there is, to my mind, a question of duty in the matter. I think that the foregoing sufficiently proves that I was justified in my reference. There are other *facts* I could give to prove my case, but I prefer to rest under the censure of your correspondent rather than to state what came to me in private intercourse.

One other reference and I am done. "Zeal for the negro," which is here made a handle to hang a sneer upon, is a charge that never disturbs me. It is the possession of it which tests American manhood at this hour, because that zeal means sympathy with justice—that and nothing else. My zeal for him is simply what I feel for every person who is the victim of oppression. Years since, when a lad, I read in some writings of Sir Phillip Sidney, words, running somewhat in this wise: "The poorer, the more oppressed and degraded a human being, the nearer he comes to the sympathies of a true gentleman." I doubt not my critic is animated by the same feeling, but he ought to be sure that it is always kept alive by a logical exercise of those sympathies, in small as well as great things.

ASMODEUS.

AUTUMN PICTURES.

LETTER FROM MRS. C. A. F. STEBBINS.

ON THE ERIE RAILROAD,
BETWEEN DUNKIRK AND FRIENDSHIP,
October 10th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

NATURE'S illuminated volume is now open to all *seeing*, thinking, appreciative readers—but not open to all at so fair a page, as lies before me this enchanting October morning—where the forests are smiling in radiant glory their gratitude for Summer life. These Alleghany hills from base to summit are teaching a wonderful lesson to power, of beauty and aspiration, and I crave for the readers of THE STANDARD a sight of the brilliant Autumn pictures I have revelled in this morning. Majestic ranges are fronting us, yet the individual mountains are quite distinct in character, some being crowned with all the shades of orange lettered with crimson—then again the predominating color is dark green, being covered with firs, and the blazoning crimson and orange; in others still, one beautiful dye being as conspicuous as another. The crimson and orange of maples, the delicate green and yellow of beech, the purple of ash, the sombre green of pines and firs, and the flame-red of the fire cherry interspersed with all shades of browns, bronzes and chocolates—

"The mountains smile, and the little hills rejoice."

The text is "passing away," and the teaching, "Store and garner up all the sweet influences of Spring, Summer and Autumn, for the rest of nature"—for the *transition*-which shall prepare us for, and lift us to, spheres of future life and useful work.

The lesson is, attract all good influences, and appropriate all opportunities, for individual growth, and for the general elevation of man in this initial life.

I have just come from Angola on the State Line Road, where I stopped with a friend whose house stands fronting the bridge, only a few rods away—where the dreadful accident took place last winter, (the harrowing details of which I never read at the time, but on the spot I must listen to the account, and hear the verdict, of those who witnessed the fearful destruction of human life) my hostess was attracted by the unusual speed of the train, and hastened to the front piazza, when she saw the horrible plunge of the cars off the bridge—by which sixty persons lost their lives—being mangled and burned. I am reluctant to speak of the tragedy, but the people here say the R. R. Co. was influential in having the jury selected in Buffalo, to decide the cause of the accident, and their verdict was, caused by a broken wheel; but the citizens say, the ground was frozen hard, the wheels did not catch on the frog or switch, and *it was this, caused by the unwarantable speed*, and not the broken flange of a wheel, that precipitated the train.

In connection with this, *for the sake only of the living, whose lives are to be risked in the future*, I will note the lack of forethought and self-possession of those who ran to the scene—not one of all the men and women thought to carry a pail and axe. An axe to cut the ice, and a pail to draw water, would have been of great service at the first, in extinguishing the fire, and some poor suffering ones could have been relieved, if not saved, by means to break open the car. Enough!

In connection with this I would suggest, that the Mich. Cen. cars, and also cars of this road (Erie) be made in future, so that each traveller can open his whole window, for escape if possible, in case of accident—and not as now, with a hand's breadth pane and a stout sash all around it. I commend the cars of G. W. R. W. (Canada) in construction of windows, one can have the use of a whole window if he choose, if not, there is a little port hole which he can uncover, *between the windows*, with a wire-screen on the outside, to exclude dust.

The Mich. Cen. cars are thoroughly ventilated, and in cold weather the floors are warmed by cur rents of hot air flowing under the seats, and I have wondered this system is not adopted by other roads. It has been in use for years on this road—but there are some days in the fall, when the fire in their large stoves is unendurable to me without the air from a large window, the wee slide in the glass, is not sufficient for one whose lungs were made for extreme use, and not simply as a part of the human economy.

I wanted to write you of an independent Episcopal Church on St. Clair River, but must wait till another time.

C. A. F. S.

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOR—ITS POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 18th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHAT would be said of a mechanic or farmer that would not use the best tools that would enable him to accomplish the most work in the least time, from prejudice adhere to all old things and reject every thing new? Who would work hard, lay out a great deal of strength unnecessarily, and would be unable to accomplish what he might easily do in half or a quarter of the time, but for his foolish prejudice? Who would not look to see the light which is plain to any eyes that are not wilfully blinded by prejudice? But this cannot be said of our mechanics and farmers generally. They procure the best implements, the most improved labor-saving machines which enable them to do as much in one day as could be done in four days, fifty years ago, when I was a farmer's boy. I am led to this train of thought by the result of the elections held the 13th inst. in the three great States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. The colored population in those States in round numbers is in Pennsylvania 58,000, Ohio 37,000, Indiana 12,000, total 107,000. By comparing the vote in these States the past two years I find it to be one fifth of the population; this gives the answer, 21,400 loyal colored men in the three States, nine-tenths of them certainly would have voted the Republican ticket had they been allowed to vote. This would add to the Republican vote in Pennsylvania 11,600, Ohio 7,400, Indiana 2,400; what a crushing defeat to their opponents, but for their prejudice against color. Instead of a Democratic Mayor in Philadelphia by 700 majority, the Republican Mayor would have had a majority of some thousands. Pennsylvania has elected to the XLIst Congress 8 Democrats, Ohio 6, and Indiana 4; had all the loyal men been admitted to the polls that number would have been reduced one-half certainly. I say nothing about the injustice they show to the colored men who helped to put down the rebels at the great sacrifice of life, many thousands of them now sleeping in their bloody graves, by which alone the nation was saved from utter ruin, and now refuse to give them equal political rights, still retaining their ungodly prejudice against color.

But they have fared as well as they deserved, and better, in carrying a numerical majority in the States—a sign that Seymour and Blair cannot be elected to the two first offices in the nation on the 3d day of November, a calamity from which we may all pray the Lord to deliver us. The rebels South and copperheads North, talk up for a white man's government. While the Republicans in most of the free States still retain in practice, which of the two are the most to be censured? I put this question to Republicans in all the States north of Mason's and Dixon's line. Which are the most deserving of censure, which are most inconsistent to their professions?

A. FAIRBANKS.

"THOU WILT ORDAIN PEACE FOR US."

God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger!
Watching invisible, judging unheard!
Save thou our land in the hour of her danger,
Give to us Peace in thy time, O Lord!

Thunders and lightnings thy judgments have sounded,
Letters of flame have recorded thy word,
"Only in Righteousness true Peace is founded:"
Give us that Peace in thy time, O Lord!

So shall the people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword;
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean
Peace to the Nation and praise to the Lord.

LITERARY.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS. *Lectures on Ornithology, in Ten Parts.* By Grace Anna Lewis. Part 1. J. A. Bancroft & Co., 512 Arch street, Philadelphia. 12mo. 32 pp. Price 35 cents.

This little book is a pleasant introduction to a department of Natural Science which explorers have by no means exhausted and to which few women, if any, have hitherto given extended attention.

Miss Lewis has given to her subject much patient observation and research, and she brings to bear upon it an enthusiasm of affection which is contagious, and a power of generalization which gives new significance to the facts she has observed.

The work is calculated especially to interest mature and cultivated minds, but the spirit in which it is written and the chaste beauty of the style must tend wherever it is read, to foster increased interest in the tribes of life which, living about our homes, by song and plumage add so much enjoyment to common life, as well as illustrate to the student the Divine, far-reaching plan of creation.

"The first part, now published, treats of general principles and is to be understood as Introductory.

The remaining parts will be devoted to the structure and further classification of birds; to their plumage with its exquisite form and colors, and the microscopic appearance of the down of young; to their nestling habits, guiding instincts, songs, affections and migrations; to the relation of physical causes to the residences of birds; to their geographical distribution, and to their importance to the well-being of civilized nations. There will be added a briefly descriptive catalogue of the birds of the Middle States, with many of the most beautiful or remarkable birds of the world, a glossary of scientific terms; and a catalogue of a few of the most important Ornithological works for the use of those who intend to prosecute the study."

P.

IF, YES, AND PERHAPS, is the very indefinite title of a book published by Ticknor and Fields, said to contain "Four Possibilities and Six Exaggerations, with some bits of fact." It is a collection of Edward E. Hale's contributions to the newspapers and magazines, some of which were written twenty-six years ago. "My Double and How he Undid Me" will be remembered as one which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1859. It was appreciated as a happily written satire on the peculiar trials attending a minister's life. "The Man Without a Country" was published in the same magazine in 1863. "The Skeleton in the Closet," which assumes to throw some light on the downfall of the Confederacy, was first printed in *The Galaxy* in 1866. Of "The Dot and Line Alphabet" Mr. Hale in an explanatory note says: "This sketch was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1858, just at the time that the first Atlantic Cable, whose first prattle had been welcomed by the acclamations of a continent, gasped its last under the manipulations of De Sauty." It has since been copied by Mr. Prescott in his valuable hand-book of the electric telegraph. Mr. Hale is a popular writer, and many who enjoyed these happy products of his imagination and the more substantial bits of fact, when they were first presented to the public will be glad to welcome their reappearance in this new form.

Harper and Brothers have issued a book of 335 pages called THE OPIUM HABIT; WITH SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE REMEDY, which gives a detailed account of a successful attempt to abandon opium; quotes liberally from the "Opium Reminiscenses of Coleridge" and calls attention to this fatal habit as indulged in by other eminent men, among whom were Robert Hall, John Randolph, and Wm. Wilberforce. It contains also an ably-written letter from Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, giving the outlines of the opium cure, and an article written by him entitled: "What Shall We do to be Saved?" which appeared in the October number of *Harper's Magazine*. The increase of the opium-habit in this country, traceable many times to the injudicious recommendation of it by physicians for medicinal purposes, renders this book timely and serviceable.

THE SCRIPTURAL CLAIMS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE is the title of a little pamphlet of 64 pages, written by Newman Hall, and just issued by the National Temperance Society. It is an able and effective plea for the "Voluntary abstinence from intoxicating beverages, if not for our own sake, for the sake of others to whom this abstinence is essential." It is well calculated to advance the cause of temperance, and deserves a wide circulation. Price 15 cents. Address J. N. Stearns, 172 William street, New York.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1869, edited by Donald G. Mitchell (Ik. Marvel), has recently been issued by Ticknor & Fields. It contains, beside the calenders, and astronomical information by Charles S. Pierce, original articles written expressly for the *Almanac* by Edward E. Hale, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Josiah Quincy, C. P. Cranch, the Editor, and others; with illustrations by Waud, Darley, Fenn, Eytinge, Hoppin and others. Convenient for the usual purposes of an almanac for reference, it is more interesting than the average of more costly books in the character of of its reading matter.

Under the title of SMOKING AND DRINKING, Ticknor and Fields have issued a pamphlet of 151 pages, in plain paper covers, containing three articles written by James Parton, which appeared recently in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These three articles are "Does it Pay to Smoke?" "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums." The latter gives a very interesting account of the Binghampton Asylum for inebriates.

A new series of Ten Lithograph TEMPERANCE CARDS, with Short Verses, beautifully illustrated, are printed in gold, admirably adapted to Children, Sunday Schools, Bands of Hope, and other Juvenile Temperance Organizations. They are the most attractive little Cards of the kind ever published, and should be placed in the hands of every child in the land. Price, 40 cents per pack of ten cards, in neat envelope; $4 per dozen. Address, J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 172 William street, N. Y.

The Friend for October opens with an interesting article, entitled "New England and the West," by Rev. John Savary, and contains also "The Four Gospels," by Rev. Mr. Blake, "The Hygiene of Study," an excellent article by Edward S. Bunker; "Religion or Reason;" "Harriet Livermore," from *The* (London) *Friend*; and a continuation of Mrs. Corbin's story "Married."

Messrs. J. B. Ford and Co. the publishers of Mr. Greeley's "Recollections of a Busy Life," have issued four numbers of *The Plymouth Pulpit*, a weekly publication of authorized reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons, made by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood. These sermons may now be enjoyed at a moderate cost, and in convenient form by thousands who cannot listen to them in Plymouth Church. See advertisement in another column, for particulars.

RECEIVED.

Harper's Magazine for November. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Our Schoolday Visitor for November. Philadelphia: Daughaday & Becker.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Putnam's Mayazine for November. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

The Galaxy for November. New York: Sheldon & Co.

The Friend for October. New York: 131 William Street.

Our Young Folks for November. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ART.

"SUNSET—California Scenery," is the title of a chromo-lithograph recently issued by Messrs. L. Prang & Co., of one of Bierstadt's pictures. On the left of the picture are seen bold precipices, and a cascade, at the base a beautiful placid lake, and all flooded with the delicately-tinted, rich, mellow light of the last rays of the setting sun. In the right is presented a strong contrast—a point of land, with a heavy, dark forest, and large rocks and boulders, covered by a twilight shadow. The sky, and illuminated clouds are very brilliant, and mainly of a soft, rich tone.

This is by far the most difficult piece of artistic work yet undertaken by Mr. Prang, and the most successfully accomplished. It is the finest specimen of chromo-lithography that has thus far been presented to the American public. It is not only in itself a very beautiful picture, a faithful reproduction of the superior work of one of the best, if not the best of our landscape artists, brought within the reach of thousands who could not buy of the artist himself, but it has great value also as indicating what we may now confidently expect in the future in the way of an increase of cheap pictures of really good quality. What Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' convenient and pretty "Diamond Editions" of our best authors are to the many readers, who cannot afford to buy the costly editions, that are such chromos as "Sunset—California Scenery," "The Barefoot Boy," "Early and Late Autumn," and "Easter Morning," to those who love the beautiful but cannot afford the more expensive works of art.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT-ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

A National Woman's Suffrage Convention will be held at Washington, D. C., on the 19th and 20th of January next.

All Societies composed of Women, and all Associations friendly to Women's Rights', are invited to send delegates. All friends of the cause are invited to attend and take part.

Contributions in aid of the work may be sent to Wm. Hutchinson, Treasurer, Box 50, City Post-Office, or to Dr. Daniel Breed. Communications may be addressed to Prof. J. K. H. Wilcox, Chairman Committee of Arangements, Ebbitt House.

JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING,
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON,
LYDIA S. HALL,
JOHN H. CRANE,
MARY T. CORNER,
GEORGE F. NEEDHAM,
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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

Advertisements.

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LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CH. FOREADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

"DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE
CONFERENCE
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION
AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERURIER,
Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21—tf

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28 tf

NEW BOOKS.

I. What Answer? A STORY OF TO-DAY. By ANNA E. DICKINSON. 1 vol, 16mo. $1.50.

This story is sure to attract a large share of public attention, both by the high reputation of the author as a popular lecturer, and by the unusual interest of the story itself. While

Miscellaneous Department.

ALL ARE BUILDERS.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time—
Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and securing
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To these turrets where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO PHILANTHROPY AND TO SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, at the First Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association, May 29th, 1868.

Mr. Chairman,—The question this evening is "The Relation of Religion to Philanthropy and to Social Science." It is comparatively a new question. I do not profess to understand it. It is certainly a new question to me. I have no such mature thought upon it as gives me any right to stand on this platform as a teacher. I have only obeyed the order of the Committee to stand here and offer some suggestions, something that will at least stir thought in this direction.

In the first place, as a little, perhaps, hypercriticism on the report of our friend, Mr. Sanborn, I would ask him to add to the disciples of Channing, and the rest whom he catalogued, the disciples of Swedenborg. Let us fill the whole circle. We welcome everything on this platform. And then in regard to what our friend, Mr. Higginson, has submitted to us, I cannot go beyond that. My own life is a comment upon that text. I began life with a most profound faith in the honesty and in the efficiency of church organization. I had the most entire belief (which I did not inherit) that the Church contained all the sincere religious feeling and purpose that existed. I was bayonetted out of that conviction by experience. My eyes were opened by the facts about me; and when I began to look back, with eyes annointed by the facts of my own life, into the history of church organization, my experience seemed natural enough. For instance, the Church, as such, gave us no help in the anti-slavery effort or in any other radical movement. I do not believe that the philosophy of organization allows the possibility of a church ever helping in such an onward movement. We are not to be exacting. We are to allow, exactly, to every phase of opinion, level of purpose, organized representative of conviction, its actual value. It seems to me that organization is a milestone which represents how far opinion had travelled when it crystallized into an organization. You cannot expect of that organization, necessarily in its shape as an organization, an acceptance of any new idea. It will discharge, unexpectedly, its full duty if it even maintains life enough bravely to represent the opinion which created it; which in seven cases out of ten it never does. It seems to me that every organization is the representation of an idea, but never can go beyond it. It never has been, or rarely has been, faithful to the application of an idea. It has fallen back into the worship of the fathers. It has limited itself by the application made by its own saints. For instance, Luther claimed the right for bodies of men to go out and represent Catholicism; but Luther did not reach the point of allowing the individual to do that; and when some of his own followers went to that extent, the public sentiment of the era being unable to bear them up, they were surged and swamped in the age, and forgotten. The age was not ready for such individuals. It could not hold them up. Succeeding them came Congregationalism, having the idea that a church, a small collection, could assert the right of individual judgment as against a large body. That was another gain. Then came the Brownists, the Independents, and the Baptists, asserting the right of individual judgment, within the line of what was considered the inspired rule of the Scriptures. That was another gain. But when the Quaker went out beyond that, and claimed the right of individual judgment, not subject to the inspiration of a book, they cried out "heretic;" they repudiated him, inevitably. Were they not all good? Yes, undoubtedly. Did not Luther do a great deal of good? Certainly. Did not the Congregationalists? Indubitably. Does not the Church of to-day do a great deal of good? Certainly it does. It takes up the admitted truths, the respectable truths; it gathers them into shape, applies them to admitted evils; cheap soup and the primer, giving away money, perhaps the tenth of your income; the duty of not allowing your neighbors in the next street to starve; the duty of sending the truth you have got to somebody else—all good, excellent! The only weakness you find in organization is when you demand of it to walk. The fluid is a force; the solid is a weight. While the river is a fluid, it moves. You must not expect motion of that which is crystallized; but it has its use. When I was on the Mississippi's banks lately, we walked across the river. The ice was useful. It was church organization. The fluid of last summer crystallizes into a useful bridge; but if the river subsides, and leaves ten feet of vacancy below, the bridge will fall. If, with the advancing spring, the water rises, it will carry the whole Church into the ocean of absolute truth; it will carry the ice away. But you must not expect motion of the crystallized sentiment which has become a church. There was great truth in what the old Italian said in the fifteenth century: "There has not been a Christian die in his bed for two hundred years"—that is, there had not been a real Christian man who looked about him, saw the needs and met the lessons of the actual day, with nothing in his own soul between him and God, who led a comfortable life. He must always go out with the Baptist into the wilderness. He need not, perhaps, always reproach the Church that staid at home and did its own business—acted up to its light. It has its uses. His duty is, as it seems to me, to confess the light God gives him. As was beautifully said as I stood by the coffin of a deceased friend this week, "Her right never rebuked another's wrong." Perhaps I should vary the statement a little; but what I mean is, there is no need, necessarily, of rebuking short-coming until it passes into dishonest antagonism; until it seeks to throw a net under your feet, and trip you up; until it thunders after you misrepresentation and scandal, and cries out, "schismatic!" "fanatic!" "infidel!" As long as it can recognize its own place, and let you take yours, it is to be fellowshipped, not as a force in the movement of society, but as a breakwater and anchor to keep what we have gained. That is my idea. In the meantime, we are all to set to work and preach whatever God or man has taught us of the finest laws of the religious sentiment, and each age will see more and more of it. Luther was honest; but Carlstadt was necessary, in a certain sense, because he saw more. The other day, I heard Fanny Butler read Scott's description in Marmion of Constance's execution. I had never heard it before, although I had read it a hundred times, because she had seen more in it than I could see, a hundred fold. Now, in that light, I take Christianity—the highest type, revelation, and representation of religion.

Let me say, in passing, we have no evidence that church organization is any better to-day than it was in 1835, when it was "the bulwark of slavery, and a brotherhood of thieves." Because it has been lifted up to the level of the eye does not prove inherent power, does not prove it inspired by its own virtue. Go and stand on the Brooklyn ferry, and you will find the float at the edge is always ready to receive you; but it does not float itself; the water underneath floats it. And what has lifted the Church into an anti-slavery position is not its own vigor. Gettysburg, Atlanta, Lincoln's Proclamation, Andersonville, floated it there. It will be just as wanting on the next trial; exactly as wanting. But that criticism does not lie against the great first movement of Christianity itself.

The records of Christianity hold, it seems to me, a very large measure of the lessons that social science needs. In the first place, the Christian records are principles. The Church is an alleviative. It approaches evils to alleviate them, not to cure them. That is not the New Testament method. There are two ways of touching evils. If the gas was escaping in this room, we should open the ventilators and relieve ourselves. That is *relief*. To-morrow, the superintendent would send for a gasfitter, and he would stop the leak. That is *cure*. Now, as I look at it, all action of the Church approaches poverty to make it comfortable; it approaches crime to endeavor to soften it; it approaches prostitution to shield it from temptation. That is *relief*. That is opening the windows to get rid of the leaking gas. But social science and the religious philosophy of the New Testament, while they attempt all that, prescribe that the really religious intellect shall seek, not relief, but cure. Take, for instance, the benevolence of this city. We have very many benevolent institutions. We have some very beautiful ones. We have some that take children from their parents, and put them into better families; put them into watchful institutions; surround them with fine influences. That is good. That is a benefit. That saves a score of children. The father and the mother, perhaps, were victims of the rum-shop. They worked fifteen hours a day, and went home so weather-beaten, so foot-sore, and so tired, that they had no moral or intellectual energy left; they could only sleep, and get up the next day. The child was either neglected, or left an orphan, by over-toil; and he wandered in the streets. Philanthrophy, benevolence, got hold of him. That is good. But you never work any final cure, as I think, in the idea of the New Testament, until you get into the line of God's laws, and act with them. Parents are an institution; you cannot abolish parents. You must co-operate with an institution; you must go behind and search out the causes which produced that forlorn orphan child of drunken parents; that boy "dragged up," as Charles Lamb said, and not "brought up." In other words, you must make your streets safe for a man of weak resolution to walk in. Prohibition! As I said the other day in a kindred meeting, a man out in Illinois, in one of its largest cities, the greatest landholder in the country, said to a friend who told me the story, "Look at yonder rum-shop. I will give you a deed of half I own if you will give me the power to pass that door without going in." Benevolence would have set to work to try to give him the power. Philanthropy would have shut the door. There is just the difference. Philanthropy would endeavor not only to save him, but all similar weak resolutions. That is prohibition. If you pick up a child in the streets, and trace it back to the father and mother, you find the cause of its desertion in too much toil—fourteen hours' work each day, we will suppose. Benevolence takes the child, brings it up, clothes it, educates it, tries to shield it from the influence of its home. Philanthropy, in the service of social science, grapples the great problem of capital and labor, and tries—with co-operation in one hand and eight hours in the other, a better currency, a lower rate of interest, fairer relation of capital to labor—to make a home that children can grow up safely in. That is social science; that is my idea of it. What is the relation of religion to it? Well, the relation of religion to it, is this: It seems to me that religion covers the principles, and our allegiance to the principles, that underlie things. For instance, there is prostitution. It corrupts one sex. How will you meet it? You will meet it by Houses of Refuge; you will meet it by sympathy; you will meet it by domestic shelter for the fallen girls. That is one way. You will meet it better in the spirit of the New Testament. When the seven devils went out, what was the next event? Why did they come back again? Because it was empty! If the chamber had been filled with angels, they could not have got back again. That is what makes the higher powers control the lower. What makes the man of twenty-eight smother the vices of a boy of eighteen? A career, ambition, hope of the great rewards of society, wake him up, lift him into sunshine. Control of his fellow-men, all the crowns and rewards of life, summon him to be a man; and he treads out his vices under his feet. He has not time for them. His higher powers waken and, according to the law of our nature, control the lower. From my class in college went a boy, poisoned with drink, to Paris. You would have thought it was the very place to swamp him forever; but, no, it was the place to cure him. He was rich, and Paris gave him art to study; it gave him pictures and statuary, history and languages, and all sorts of excitement, to fill up the vacant hours that tempted him, having nothing to do here, to resort to the stimulus of his stomach; it gave him a better stimulus, and he came back, not a teetotallar, but a sober man. So with woman. She craves what her brother craves—comforts, luxuries, amusements, travels, books, theatres, fine house and furniture—all that makes life delightful. Give her the means to earn them honestly. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will spurn theft, if you will give them an honest means of gaining what fairly belongs to them in this life; and ninety-nine women out of a hundred will escape the streets, if you will give them the same opportunity their brothers have for a fair share of this world's goods. Not only that, but a career fills up the mind. You have not time for temptation; you despise it. Business is pleasanter than pleasure to a wholesome soul. That is viewing prostitution as social science does. So of theft, so of vice, so of degradation, so of position in life.

Men tell me when I go down into Faneuil Hall to address three or four thousand laboring men, "What do you go there for? They hated the negro." I know they did. "They mobbed you." Of course they did. "They were the tools with which men filled that Temple in January, 1861." I know it; more's the pity! I am sorry they were in such a mood of mind, such a depth of ignorance, and such a degree of social isolation, that they were all so shut out from the best influences of society, that they were approachable or impressible by such mean men. How am I going to help them? Give this man a dollar, and another a pass to Worcester, and a third a ticket to hear Fanny Butler? Not a bit of it. My plan is to educate capital so that it shall know its responsibilities and duties. I am going to equalize wealth. I am going to make the profits of reserved wealth less, and the profits of growing wealth, *i. e.*, labor, greater. I am going to get back as nearly as possible to that dream of Franklin's, when he said, every human being laboring four hours a day, the world would have done enough to answer all its needs. In other words, I plan to inaugurate *co-operation* instead of *competition*, and enact eight hours as a laboring day.

Now, what does Christianity say? Christianity is my great authority. I think all the essence of the New Testament is in one line: "Bear ye one another's burdens." This, I know, is not a new thought. But one of the best sermons dealing with it that has ever fallen in my way, is by Rev. Mr. Jones of Antwerp, New York; one that I hope soon to see in print in some of our religious journals. My eloquent friend who preceded me has published an edition of Epictetus; and he knows a great deal more of Antoninus, Confucius, and the oriental and classic writers in the twilight that preceded the full noon of the gospel, than I do. I do not know how far, in words, they anticipated the maxims of the New Testament. All I know is, that to me, looking at history in its great facts, there is nothing in the ancient world that gives you the cardinal principle, as I look at it, of Christianity. Confucius said a great many things anticipating the Sermon on the Mount; so did Socrates, of the classic era; and many of the great saints, if we may call them so. But the society that grew up under them was a corrupt society. Society is the body of which the religion of the age is the soul—I do not mean the Church, but the religion of the age is the soul; and the reason why I maintain that the religion of this age is in a corrupt and hidebound and marvellously decrepit state, is because society, which forms its body here, is a capital-punishment, pro-slavery, fourteen-hours-a-day, women-under-the-heel society; and, as long as it is, the soul that dwells in that body must be a soul dwelling in darkness—half developed; I do not need any other proof. But, as I said, Thomas Carlyle is a pagan. He represents the philosophy of everything outside of Christianity; which is, that the strong have a right to use and absorb the weak—aristocracy in its essence. I am an educated man, I am a wealthy man, I am a healthy man; and my vocation is just to enjoy the world, pluck all its sweets, and grind up the lower classes into the materials of my enjoyment. That is my right. The same principle in morals that Darwin teaches in nature; the strongest survives, and crowds the weaker out of life. That is paganism; that is classic ethics as it flowered out into institutions. Christianity's protest is, "The smoking flax shall he not quench;" "He that will be chief among ye, let him be your servant." If there is any strength, God gave it in order that it might hold up weakness, supplement weakness. If there is any knowledge, God gave it that it might sit down side by side with ignorance, and put its arm around its neck and divide. If there is any wealth, it is only a trust, and the poorest man you can find in the neighborhood is your co-trustee. That is Christianity, as I read it. That is Christianity; and, singularly enough, we generally leap right off, and say, that is the Church. But take the amelioration of punishment, for instance, as an illustration of my meaning—the old vindictive theory of the Jews, and the European idea, that hangs a man to satisfy the passions of society. That lived a great while. Then came the exemplary idea, that I must be hung to make you better; which sacrificed me to your welfare. That held its own a great while. Those two were the pet ideas of the Christian Church. We have got a new idea now, and it is this: that the moment society has seized a man, society owes him education, moral development, protection, emolument. Having put him within stone walls for its own defence, it shall thereupon begin the duty it owed to him in his cradle, and neglected; that is, begin to educate him. Prisons are moral hospitals. God let that man commit a murder in order that society might get the right to take hold of him, and do what God holds it guilty for not doing before—educate him. Where did you get that idea? Got it from Beccaria, got it from Voltaire, got it from Romilly, got it from Dumont, got it from Bentham—men who, if they ever were inside of a church door, would be held as heretics—got it from Brougham, whom the Church denounced as an infidel. Never has there been a man in advance of the age, on this question or in any other way, who has not been driven into the wilderness by the Church of the day. But whence really came this idea of the treatment of persons, for instance? It came from the great normal root of Christianity, the sacredness of the individual. Religion, having taken hold of a man, no longer deems him a chip of a block, a part of the government, a unit that goes to make up the State; it no longer looks at him in the mass, a hierarchy, an aristocracy. That single unit of a soul and God—these are the only two things in the universe, in the contemplation of religious principle. The sacredness of the individual! What right have you to hang me? Stuart Mill is the only infidel who ever failed to see this, but he is followed by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand Christians, so called. But those men called infidels studied social science; they studied philanthrophy; they studied principle; they studied it in human instincts. Called infidels, men calling themselves Christians, who really are infidels, without suspecting it. I have met in my day many specimens of both these classes. That man is a Christian whose life and ethics grow out of the central root of Christianity; no matter, if in his ignorance or his prejudice he disowns the name. That man is an Infidel who is not, with his whole heart, willing to bear his brother's burden; no matter how broad his phylactery, how regular his Church-membership papers, or how loud his profession of Liberalism or Radicalism.

Now come to methods a moment. The Church would say to you, "if you have an idea, submit it, go before the brotherhood, and see whether they approve. Do not dare arraign this sacred or civil authority; that is schismatic, that is faction, that monomaniacal, that is fanatical." The best sermon that Lyman Beecher ever preached was to prove that Paul's doctrines was just like his, because the men of that day brought the same objection against them that the men of his day brought against him. It was a pretty good argument. Now, what did the Jews call the Saviour? Schismatic! Infidel! Fanatic! Blasphemer! Why, with all reverence, if Jesus himself should stand up literally in these streets, and preach at the corners, trying to do exactly what he did, that is, create among the masses, by moral agitation, a public sentiment that would undermine the Hierarchy and tear the State to pieces, he would be in jail in a week, and the church would approve it. But that is what he did. What did Christianity do? Christianity did not go to the Pharisees, did not go to the Sanhedrim, did not go to the lawyers, to the educated classes. "To the poor the gospel is preached." Christianity exhibits the utmost friendliness and respect for the untutored instinct of the masses; it endeavors to reach and fold them it its own bosom. Christianity appealed friendlily, and respectfully, with all honor and trust, to the natural instinct of the masses of mankind against the *education* of its day. It has been described as "the loftiest wisdom condescending to the lowest ignorance." But that is not a full statement. *The loftiest wisdom trusted its lessons*, not to the schools, but to what the world considered *the lowest ignorance*. It made this ignorance its partner and colaborer in revolutionizing the moral condition of the race. It was the great agitator of that day, and ours is the same. That agitation, eighteen hundred years ago, used such "harsh language," bidding "rich men howl," styling the leaders in Church and State, "hypocrites," "vipers," "children of hell," "extortioners," that it was called "seditious," "blasphemous," "heretic," and "pestilent,"—just the same epithets that a corrupt Church and State visit us with to-day. These things point to a common law, one that underlies all progress, all movement, and shows the inevitable strife between organization and growth. If you want to get a new truth, of course you find that the institutions of society which have grown out of the old truths are opposed to you. For instance, take eight hours—the great question that looms over the horizon, sure to come in its time, preliminary only, and supplementary to the greater question of co-operation, which looks over its shoulder. Capital, to-day, that commands the world, the press, the church, public opinion, looks, *ignorantly*, at the attacks as its own ruin; and of course any man who undertakes to carry out that idea, on social science principles, must meet with opposition, must expect to meet, not only opposition, but malignant misrepresentation from all that class whose selfishness and whose interest are all wrapped up in existing institutions. What are we to do under such circumstances? We are to say, "Eight hours is not simply giving a man an evening to go to school." What is Christianity? The sacredness of the individual. What does it teach us? That God's sole object in creation is not government, not railroad depots, not ships, not colleges, not wealth, not commerce, not literature, but as Humboldt says, "all these are the scaffolding to build a man." The noblest fruit the earth offers to her Maker is man. Why do I, as a religious man, care that that man should have eight hours for labor, eight hours for rest, and eight hours for sleep? Because Christianity tells me he has got a soul, religion tells me that for that soul it is necessary that he should have leisure, and the influences which will unfold it. This is the period of his existence in which God meant it should be unfolded, to a certain extent. As the old Bishop said, "A king is a very unfortunate man; surrounded with wealth, every wish gratified, every thought anticipated, there is a barrier all around him, and truth cannot get in. He would not know it if it entered; it is almost an impossibility that he should be a Christian." What did the Bishop say? He said, "Kings, should be very careful." That was natural for a Bishop. What would a religious man say? "Abolish Kings! It is an abnormal condition; God never intended to put man's soul into that condition; society should not ask any soul to remain in that condition." So I say of the laborer. You work him until his body is tired to death, until there is no energy left in his mind. (I am speaking of men in the mass, not of the Cobbetts, who take the world with thirty minutes leisure, and one farthing of wealth a day, and carve out for themselves an education better than the university of Oxford gives to ninety-nine out of a hundred of its students). I take the average laboring man, and I say you do not leave him the means of getting his soul into relations with God in this world; and therefore religion, as it endeavors to inspire social science, says to me, "You have no right, in order to make cotton cheap, in order to have sugar upon every table, in order that railroads shall make twelve per cent. dividends—you have no right to use up four-fifths of the souls that God sends into New England. The first duty of this community, religiously considered, is so to arrange its industrial affairs that *souls* shall have a fair chance." Therefore, I say, woman has a right to an equal chance to all the opportunities that man has, and labor has a right to a larger share of the leisure and profits that result from the combined industry of capital and labor.

A Voice.—How are you going to accomplish that end?

Mr. Phillips.—I am going to accomplish it exactly as Christianity mounted the throne of the Cæsars. Not by concealing one-third of what God tells me, in order not to frighten my neighbor behind me, but by telling all that God tells me. That is the service he calls me to. We cannot expect that service from organizations. Here is the Temperance Society—an excellent thing, a useful thing. It is the magnificent result of thirty years labor. It represents the average of the church of America. Its mile-stone is an ecclesiastical one. You may enter this hall, as I did twelve months ago, at a temperance convention, and find this platform, from corner to corner, covered with white cravats. That is where the temperance organization stands. To-day, alarmed and vigilant, radicalism says: "Are we going to have a President who cannot stand when he sees a filled cup of whiskey before him?" Few men can answer the question. I am not going to answer it to-night. But here is the point. The temperance organization, representing the respectability of the nation, the church of the nation (not its religion), refuses to investigate the question. It dare not create that ripple on the availability of admitted Republicanism which inquiry in the line of its own duty would bring about. It dare not face the duty of rebuking the most popular man in the nation to-day, if it should find him weak in that particular. Temperance obeys the same law that the church obeys. It is *organization;* it is the ice. But religion underlies temperance, as the Mississippi the ice. The duty that underlies temperance is the fluid allegiance to the light that God gives you on that question. A few of us, therefore, temperance men, but not members of temperance organizations, John the Baptists, but not of the Sanhedrim, have undertaken to investigate the question; duty-bound to investigate it, and fling all the light we can upon it. We are not obliged to prevent the access of an individual to the White House. All men who knew Andrew Johnson to be a drunkard in 1864 were not bound to prevent his being chosen Vice-President; but if they had been temperance men, obeying the principles of social science, of philanthropy and religion, which I am laying down to you, they would have investigated the question, and written up the verdict where all the people might read it, and then left us to act upon our own responsibility. What the anti-slavery men did when Garrison first waked the note of distrust and watchfulness in regard to slavery, was to claim of the American people that they should probe their own civil and religious soil; and the church said to them: "Fanatics, go you out! We shall do no such thing. We hide all respectable sins under our mantles!" Garrison went out, and in thirty years, aided by the great events of Providence, God enabled him to strike off three millions of fetters, and make it indecent for organized religion not to be in at the death. Then the church hurried up, and almost crowded him out of sight, crying out: "Did n't I always tell you so? Did n't you find it on my records, laid down in this principle and that, that anti-slavery is religion, and slavery is sin?" "Yes, we did; we found the *principle;* the difficulty was, you were not willing *to apply the principle.*" The mistake we made at first was in imagining that there was any vigor in the church that could apply the principle. The duty that God laid before us, to show that religion is applied social science, did not necessarily bid us rebuke the church, but it did bid us to take that principle, come out, and do as they do at Lowell, where great prongs tear the cotton, clean it, and let the air in; and that is what we did. That is what religion says is the province of social science. It is to take principles, fearless of all interests, and apply them to the cure, not to the relief of evils. The well-fed alderman, the respectable Episcopalian, throws enough into his poor-box on Sunday to relieve the poverty of the next street. Chadwick will tell you, and everybody else, in many a blue book, of the most exquisite methods of relieving the poverty of Great Britain. No man could investigate it more ingeniously. Up to the light which he has, he is a master of social science, of philanthropy informed by religion; but you and I know well enough, brought up in New England, that a school, robbed of its sectarianism and free to everbody; that a ballot-box, which takes bonds of wealth and culture to make every voter intelligent because he is powerful, and he will not be safe unless you educate him; that a society which throws open a career for every individual, and, by feeding his higher powers, makes him a man—you and I know that these are infinitely better than the poor-box. God's method of education is to lay responsibility on the human soul. The doctors say there is electricity enough in the brain to cure any disease, if you could only rouse it. So there is moral power enough in every man to make him a man, if you could only rouse it; and responsibility rouses it. Take a girl, a mere popinjay, a toy; she gets married, and people say: "What a mere child that is to have children!" She has one or two children, and then her husband is taken from her side. How wisely she plans; how patiently she watches; how she opens careers for them; how she guards her children's interests; how she begs from one and from another, and earns from a third, the means to give that boy an education, sheltering the girl meanwhile! What a wonderful being! We never knew her. Where were all those powers hidden? How did she get them? Necessity brought them out; God created them. If you had given her a career before, you would have seen them all. You were beginning to move in the line of God's law when you found her a widow, with those two children on her brain and heart. You had got into the line of the great necessity which God meant should unfold, educate, and lift up every human being. You did not need the magnet that a mechanic came and filled up with electricity—that is, a benevolent society—for her; the great natural magnetism of the earth that is, God's law, made her gravitate towards a career, and a success.

But I have talked longer than I intended. All I want to say is, that the value of social science to men of radical faith and purpose is, that it digs down to the root of principle. It does not seek alleviation merely; it does not seek what the church can give; it faces the great problems of the hour. Negro slavery was a very great question, but still, to a certain extent, it was a limited one; it applied to a race. Its value was that it forced us, in the conflict with the Church, in the conflict with the State, to dig down to the principles, which, when they grew up, covered all kindred interests. You know the story told of Ben. Wade, when Giddings, in the days of his darkness went in with a clergyman to see him, and protest against an anti-slavery lecture. They had formed a society and held meetings to prove that the Bible sanctioned slavery, and they went in to see Ben. Wade. He was an "infidel;" and it is singular how "infidels" seem to get into closer relation with God than the other set. Said they: "Mr. Wade, won't you join the Society?" "Yes," said he, "I would if I wanted to kill the Bible. If I wanted to kill the Bible, I should not do anything sooner than to prove that it sanctioned slavery." "Well," said the minister, "I never thought of that"—and they dissolved the Society. So slavery forces every question upon us. "Do the duty that lies next to you." You first go down and try to save the drunkard, and when he has fallen forty times, and you cannot hold him up; when you have found that every tenth door in the city is a pitfall into which he can but tumble; when you have found that, make him sign the pledge again and again, you cannot make it safe for him to walk in these streets, then you will begin to ask why. And then, when you see a great man come up to the State House, and argue that drink is not poison, that it is as good diet as a piece of beef-steak, you will shake your head, and say, "Well, it may be so; I won't dispute Liebig; I won't put one chemist against another; all I know is that if beef-steak causes four-fifths of the crime and nine-tenths of the poverty of the country, then let beef-steak be banished!" You will travel off to your principle and you will say: "Bear ye one another's burdens." What is my duty? To hold that man up. How shall I do it? Not by lying down with him, but first, by making my life a strength to him; and secondly, by so shaping my civil life, that, weak as he is, he can walk up and down the streets. So of every other question. You go to work with your eyes open, in a cheap soup society, in distributing primers—go and buy a tract of the American Tract Society that has not an idea in it less than a century old. I do not care what it is, but go and distribute it honestly, with a faithful and conscientious intention to help your neighbor, keep your eyes open and you will find yourself close against a wall, that you will be obliged to penetrate or beat down. You will find your feet at last planted on a principle, on an idea, and as you stand there, you will look back and find the church has floated away from you. Have the courage to stand! There is where God meant you should stand. Do not let any man come to you and say: "If you tell of this you will injure your weaker neighbor." Say to him: "God told me, and that is the best evidence that He meant I should tell somebody else." "Let the dead bury their dead;" which means, let every man whose level is just behind me, stand on his level; but I am neither to conceal, nor to equivocate, nor to trim down. I am not for availability; I am not for the idea that because these great insitutions will do a certain amount of good, I am not to display the light that welcomes me and beckons me forward. I believe that the church, the organized religion of the day, stands very close up to the people of the day. It has accepted the war, but that is not the cross of to-day. The war has gone by. The cross of to-day is, will you shut out from the statute book, all the continent over, the idea of race? Have you got to that level that you have forgotten caste? Have you risen to that absolute brotherhood that can tear up by the roots the distinction between black and white, which has poisoned our history for ninety years? The Republican party says: "We dare not risk it! It is a good thing, but it is not available. Shut your mouth, brother, while we elect Gen. Grant!" But God says: "Do not shut your mouth!" "Let the dead bury their dead"—in the White House, if they please. But in the meantime, cry you out, like the voice of one in the wilderness, to the American people: "The message of God in this epoch is, Rise up, gird your loins, and stand so far forward that American law shall not know color!"

Seek out, publish, and, as fast as possible, bring society into harmony with the laws of *justice*. This is social science. All Labor asks is *justice*, not charity; all woman asks is *justice*, not pity; all the negro asks is *justice*, not humanity. Indeed, where is the treasury full enough to pay that debt? All crime asks is *justice*, not sympathy. Who shall teach us the full meaning of this great word, Justice? "*Owe* no man anything." When that command is obeyed, Social Science will be dazzled out of sight by the millennium.

PROGRESS.

Steadily, steadily, step by step,
Up the venturous builders go;
Carefully placing stone on stone—
Thus the loftiest temples grow.

Patiently, patiently, day by day,
The artist toils at his task alway;
Touching it here and tinting it there,
Giving it ever with infinite care
A line more soft or a hue more fair;
Till, little by little, the picture grows,
And at last the cold dull canvas glows
With life and beauty and forms of grace
That ever more in the world have place.

Thus with the poet—hour after hour
He listens to catch the fairy chimes
That ring in his soul: then, with magic power,
He weaves their melody into his rhymes,
Slowly, carefully, word by word,
Line by line, and thought by thought,
He fashions the golden tissue of song—
And thus are immortal anthems wrought.

Every wise observer knows—
Every watchful gazer sees—
Nothing grand or beautiful grows,
Save by gradual, slow degrees.
Ye who toil with a purpose high,
And fondly the proud result await,
Murmur not as the hours go by,
That the season is long—the harvest late.

Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
Builders and artists, and bards sublime,
Who lived in the past and worked like you,
Worked and waited a wearisome time.
Dark and cheerless and long their night,
Yet they patiently toiled at the task begun,
Till, lo! thro' the clouds broke that morning light
Which shines on the soul when success is won.

From "The Quiver."

A clever young sculptor, by name George Maccallum, has just died in Scotland. He was engaged in a group of figures for the Prince Consort Memorial at the time of his death. Like so many other Scotch artists, Maccallum raised himself from a very obscure position entirely by the skill of his hand and brain. He was looked upon as a young man of great promise; and he has left behind him several works as indications of what he might in mature years have accomplished.

A French chemist claims to have discovered a method of manufacturing transparent looking-glasses—terms which seem to imply a self-contradiction. Instead of mercury he uses platinum for the back of the glass; and his preparation has the virtue of concealing every defect in the glass itself. M. Dodé says that his looking-glass may be used for windows, so transparent is it.

The richest Chinese library in the world is now in St. Petersburg. It consists of 11,607 volumes, with a number of wood engravings and MSS. It has been collected by the Russian Consul General in Pekin, who is now anxious to sell it to some institution.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, Editor.

The Standard advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

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WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of Mr. Phillips, revised and corrected by himself.

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Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in a letter accompanying a remittance for The Standard, writes as follows:

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L. Maria Child.

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